Week ending May 14 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

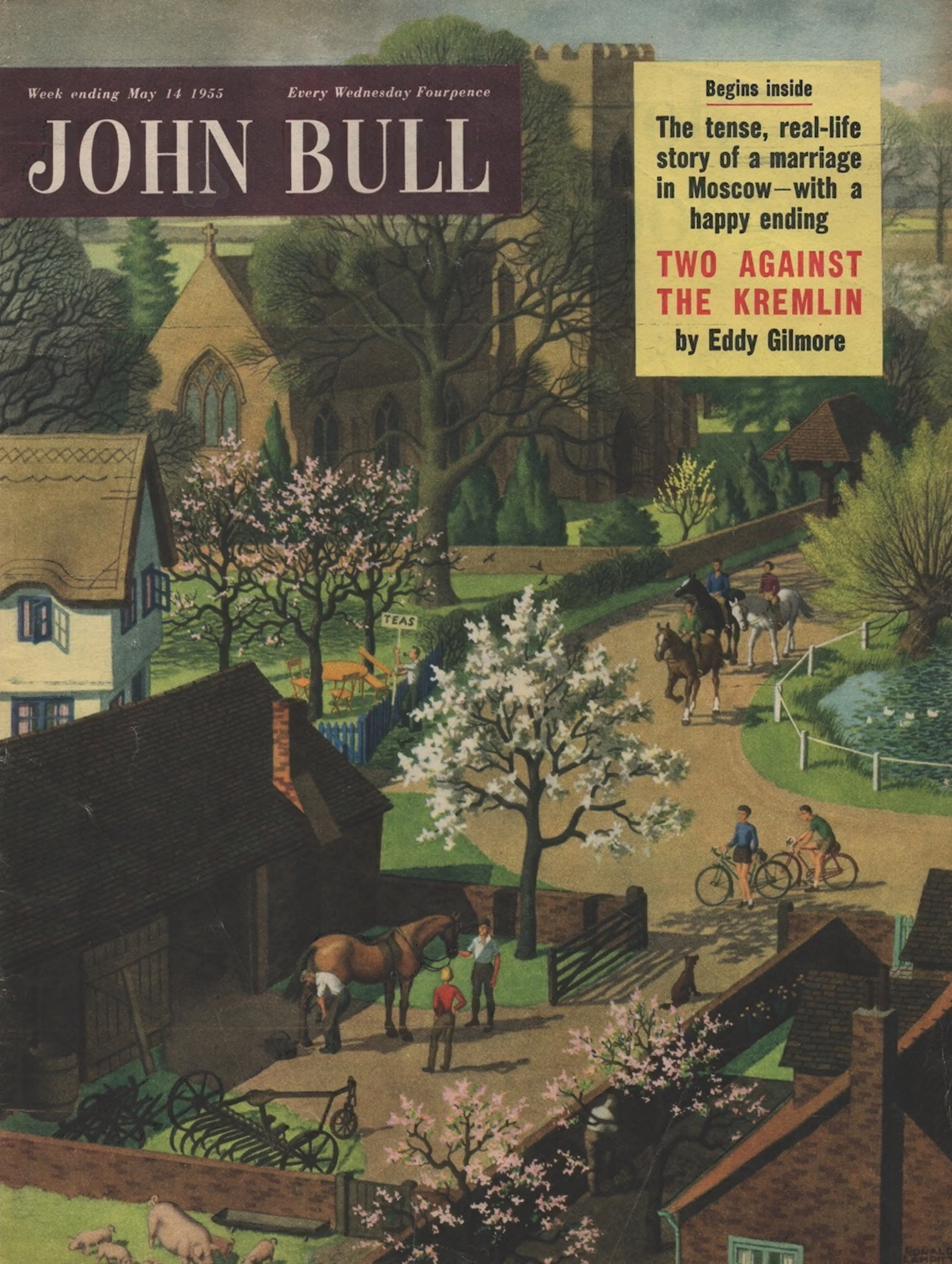
JOHN BULL

Begins inside

The tense, real-life story of a marriage in Moscow—with a happy ending

TWO AGAINST THE KREMLIN

by Eddy Gilmore



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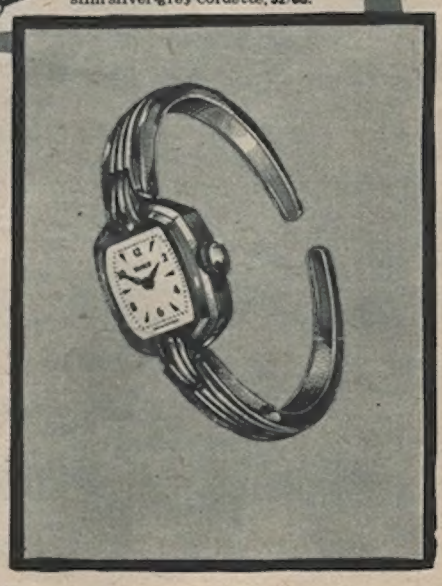

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ON OTHER PAGES

Asinine old laws

BECAUSE of a law passed about five hundred years ago, when King Henry VI was on the throne, fifteen councillors of Woodbridge, Suffolk, nearly went to prison recently.

The local ferryman resigned. Then it was discovered that, under the old Act, the councillors were compelled to keep the ferry going, on pain of jail for the lot of them. Fortunately the ferryman withdrew his notice.

Captain Gilbert Riddell, who was then chairman of the council, says: "Surely Parliament should find time to clear up this kind of anachronism. I might have gone to prison without having committed any crime. This obsolete Act still compels us to maintain a ferry which costs £500 a year to run, and in winter averages only twenty passengers a week who pay threepence each."

THIS absurd situation is only one of many examples of the effect of long outdated laws which have never been repealed. At Glasgow a husband accused of beating his wife pleaded that an Act of 1368 entitled him to do so. This was too hard a legal poser; in the end he was fined ten shillings for assault because he had also slapped his wife's face.

CAPTAIN RIDDELL
"I might have gone to prison"

In Staffordshire, a man who had broken into a garage to sleep escaped penalty because he was prosecuted under an Act of 1824 which did not, of course, include the word "garage."

Even reasonable prosecutions seem unreal when they are made under Acts passed in quite different conditions long ago. Justice cannot be served in that way. An Act of 1361 has been invoked twice in the past year against anonymous letter writers. An Ipswich taximan was fined under an Act passed in 1842, long before taxi-cabs were thought of, and a pedestrian in north London was summoned, for disobeying a traffic policeman, under an Act designed to deal with the very different traffic conditions of 1835.

IT is time these obsolete but still active laws were either abolished or modernized. True, there has been a partial clean-up. A Revision Act in 1950 cut the total of Statute laws from 45,000 pages to 28,000 pages.

But the number has crept up again. The last session of Parliament, had it not been dissolved last week, would have produced between forty and fifty new Acts, adding upwards of a thousand pages to the Statutes.

This flood of new legislation makes even more urgent the job of clearing away the old laws—passed long ago to regulate the completely different lives of our ancestors —which have lingered absurdly on into modern times.

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Friends who carve the Prestige way will tell you what a pleasure it is—how 'Prestige' knives cut so beautifully. Their stainless steel blades, finely hollow-ground, make light of all carving and keep sharp at the touch of a steel. See them in sets and separately at your local store, ironmonger or cutler.

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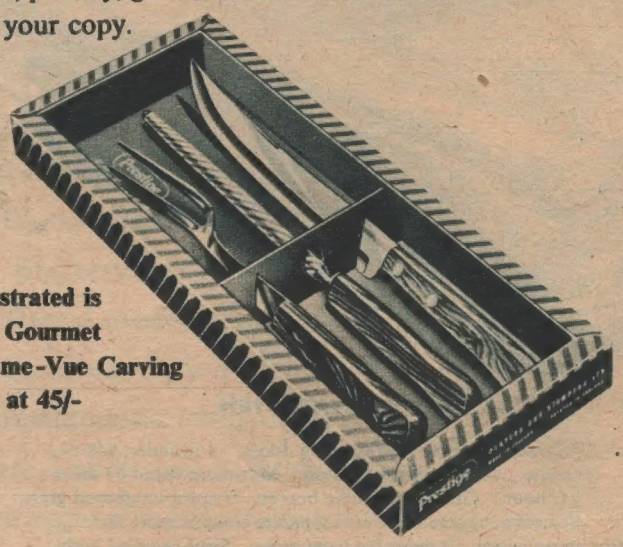

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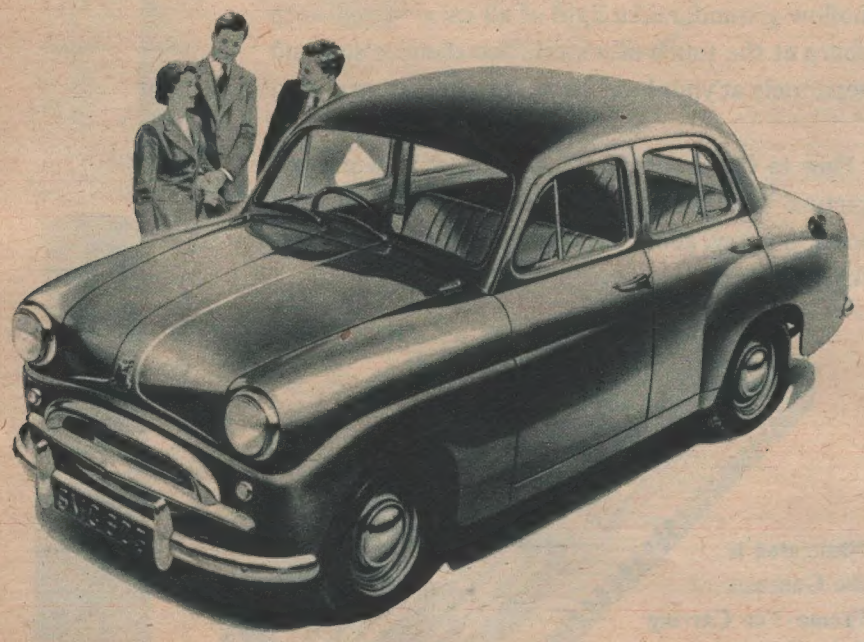

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FREE SPEECH

Schools work under false pretences

WHAT nonsense examinations are. One teacher I know, who sent a hundred pupils for a secondary school entrance examination, told each of them to memorize one of the hundred questions.

Afterwards he was able to reproduce the complete question paper—which was supposed to be secret—for the guidance of the next examinees. As the questions are pretty standard from year to year, these children had about thirty marks start on "unbriefed" rivals.

Later, when pupils take the General Certificate of Education tests, the same sort of thing applies. Masters and pupils spend a year poring over previous G.C.E. papers—which are published by the education authorities for that very purpose.

The clever master is the one who can most accurately forecast what the questions will be.

Children are still not *educated* in the true sense of the word. They are merely trained to retain just those scraps of knowledge that will give them a certificate. The only solution is to abolish exams.—T. H. FORTNUM, London, N.W.6.

Overlander

I WAS driving through Shelburne, in Vermont, U.S.A., a couple of months ago when I saw a paddle steamer apparently stuck in a wood.

As the nearest water—in Lake

The steamer goes by rail

Champlain—was a mile or so away, I stopped to see what had happened.

The boat proved to be the Ticonderoga, the last of Lake Champlain's paddle steamers. It was being towed along a specially built railway to Shelburne Harbour, where two other old paddle steamers have been given homes for their retirement.—K. T. WILSON, Shrewsbury.

Malaria Sequel

MANY readers must have been as impressed as I was at the courage of Charles Howard, who "chose malaria" (JOHN BULL, April 2).

I should like him to know that we very much appreciate his bravery and unselfishness.—L. M. MIDDLETON, South Perrott, Beaminster, Dorset.

There has been one beneficial and unexpected outcome of Charles Howard's experiences. When he volunteered for the experiment, he was in good health, but said that he had once had a duodenal ulcer. After the experiment, he developed another ulcer, which became perforated. The doctors found that Howard's life was probably saved by the malaria operation on his liver. It had left certain adhesions which sealed off the perforated area and prevented a general peritonitis. He made a perfect recovery.

Monday Runners

WHEN a pair of nylon stockings laddered the first time I put them on, I took them back to the retailer. "They were probably made on a Monday," he said.

He told me that stocking firms suffer more than most from "the Monday morning feeling." The machine operators are not concentrating properly, and it takes a couple of hours for them to find their skilled touch.—MISS H. ROGERS, Wembley.

"This could not be true of expensive branded stockings," says a nylon firm, "because inspectors find almost every possible flaw. But cheaper stockings may suffer from Monday blues."

Under Their Hats

PAY rates for a High Court judge, an army captain, or a dustman, are not hard to find. But the salary scale of the firm that employs me is veiled in secrecy.

Why the silly mystery? It only causes bad feeling and suspicion in the office. Even the office boy, sure that he has proof that his fellow stamp licker is collecting more than

he is, keeps his salary under his hat. —H. H., New Burgess Street, Manchester.

Doused

SCIENTISTS should try to find an ingredient which, added to rinsing water on washing day, would make flimsy materials fireproof.

Young children and elderly people are too frequently the victims of burns when their underclothing catches fire.—C. E. CLASSON, Rolfe Street, Liverpool.

Within the next six months, and after eight years of research, a lead firm expects to perfect a pigment to make most fabrics flame-resisting. "Night-dresses and party frocks will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The police said, 'Boo,'
I wonder who
Will eventually stand in the dock?"

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S

NEW MYSTERY NOVEL

Hickory Dickory Dock

IS COMING TO JOHN BULL

"It was money well spent doing up the house with Snowcem"

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WHETHER yours is a cottage in the country or a house in the town, very old or comparatively new, you'll see a big improvement when it is painted with Snowcem. Walls that look dull or dirty can be made to look bright and inviting. You will be surprised at the difference this can make.

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By providing a rock-hard, water-repellent coating Snowcem acts as a weatherproof barrier. Builders and decorators throughout the world, in lands of extreme rain and sun, use Snowcem for the outside walls of private houses and public buildings, factories and offices, hospitals and schools. Farmers, too, find Snowcem the ideal treatment for the outside and inside of their buildings.

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Snowcem is manufactured by the Blue Circle Group of Companies—the largest cement manufacturing and distributing organization in the world. Their Research Department—one of the most up-to-date in the country—is continually developing new cement-based products.

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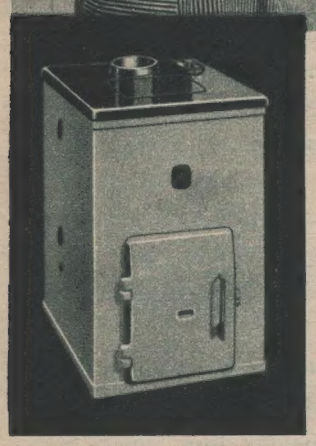
(NOW, CAN YOU!)

You have to take your hat off to the housewife who pretends that she doesn't understand boilers. *Naturally* she would rather let someone else have the messy job of coaxing a boiler that is unsatisfactory. But if she has a TAYCO (designed specially for the housewife) she finds it such a delightfully simple boiler to use that husbands often wonder how she acquired the knack of it.

(P.S. *Sh-sh! We won't tell him.*)



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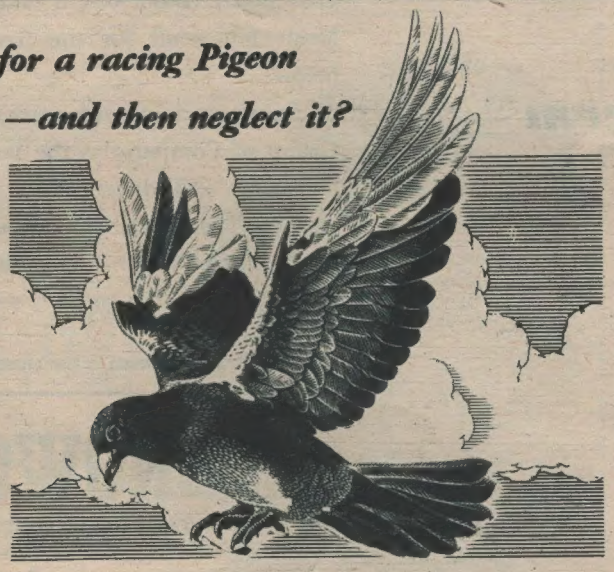

Indeed you wouldn't. You'd take pride in maintaining those pedigree points. Spry condition—stamina—superb, glossy plumage: all depend on correct feeding. Equally, thoroughbred shoes need daily nourishment and care—a daily dressing with Cherry Blossom, the food for shoe leather. Superfine waxes, dyes and oils in Cherry Blossom keep shoes smart, keep them supple and lengthen their life.

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Tonette, Light Brown, Ox-blood, White, Black. Also Dark Tan (6½d. size only)

Dark brown shoes need Tonette or Dark Tan

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

no longer burst into flame," says the firm. "The pigment, which must be added to a material before the colouring and printing is done, will add about sixpence a yard to manufacturing costs."

Untapped Energy

E. A. TEMPLE-PERKINS certainly treated African elephants with every respect (JOHN BULL, April 23), but do they really have intellect and "gigantic majesty"?

In India, I saw elephants trained to do heavy and intricate work, but all African elephants ever seem to do is get shot at.—L. CARRUTHERS, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

"Indian elephants work merely because they have been trained to," says the London Zoo. "African elephants would be just as useful if Africans took the trouble to train them."

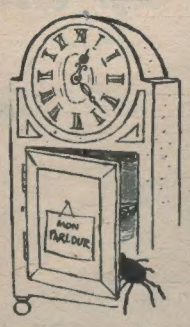
Flat Rate

RATES should be standard throughout the country; every householder, whether owner or tenant, should pay them, and the rating of business premises should be based on the occupying firm's turnover.

Then everyone would take a fair share of responsibility for local government finances.—S. E. WILMOTT, North Road, Midsomer Norton, Bath, Somerset.

Until 1948, local authorities were responsible for assessing rateable values in their own areas. The 1948 Rating and Valuations Act passed responsibility to the Inland Revenue, and nation-wide reassessments come into operation next April. These will mean more standardization of rates throughout the country. Houses are being assessed on 1939 rentals, and business premises on current value.

Spider's Lullaby



MY fine old clock, normally very reliable, suddenly gained thirty minutes in a day. I looked inside, before taking it to be adjusted, and found that a spider had spun a web from the pendulum to the frame of the clock, shortening the arc of the pendulum and causing the clock to run fast. The web was sufficiently elastic to absorb the movement of the pendulum.—A. F. WAKE, Welsh Lane, Stowe, Bucks.

Home Truths

MOST poisoning is caused by aspirin tablets and other preparations, which can be bought openly at the bazaar stores.

No one is more conscientious than the chemist, in trying to avoid accidental poisoning (JOHN BULL, April 16), but it would alarm many patients if, for example, their bottle of mixture was labelled: "Poison, contains strychnine."

The public is criminally negligent in handling poisons. I have given first-aid twice to children whose mother left camphorated oil within their reach.—K. W., Plymouth.

. . . Many lives would be saved if all poison bottles had the name of the most common antidote printed on the label. Several common cooking ingredients can be used for emergency treatment before the doctor arrives.—H. TURNER, Buckley Avenue, Beeston Hill, Leeds.

"If a child swallows a bottleful of aspirins, make it sick," says a doctor. "The best emergency antidote for acid is the whites of two eggs in water. Some disinfectants can be counteracted with a glass of milk."

Dummy Run

ONE of the best road safety ideas I have seen was in Melbourne, Australia. In the middle of the

The dummy schoolgirl stops a car

road, outside a school, there was a cut-out wooden model of a schoolgirl to warn motorists of a children's crossing.

It gave drivers a long-range indication to take care, and seemed a far more obvious warning than a flashing beacon.—B. T. HOPKINS, Sheffield.

Halcyon Days

ARE silent films really out of date? At a recent film show, about 160 children watched a silent cowboy film with great attention.

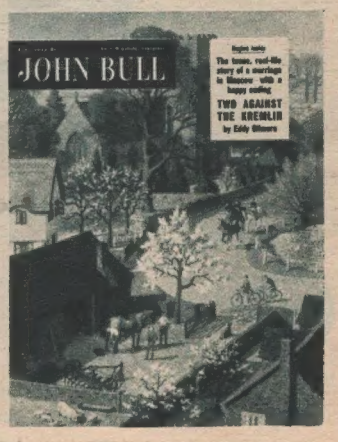
I am a teacher, and I believe that children spelled much better in the old "silent" days, and read more fluently. They had to, or they couldn't keep pace with the action.—E. D. LONDON, Clive Street, Shotts, Lanarkshire.

"Children respond to silent comedies," says the British Film Institute, "because they are simple to follow."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BRITAIN'S countryside was designed for spring. Granted, there's a postcard prettiness about churches and inns with a layer of snow, but it's showers and sunshine which highlight them best. Our village planners knew their job well. They realized that the scene which nature enjoys painting on the country canvas is blossom-time, and their buildings are complementary. Their work had no self-importance; the mellowness of church stone and thatched roof show off flowers and green leaf—as Ronald Lampitt's cover happily admits. "The only good thing about last winter," he says, "is that we've had more time to look forward to blossom."



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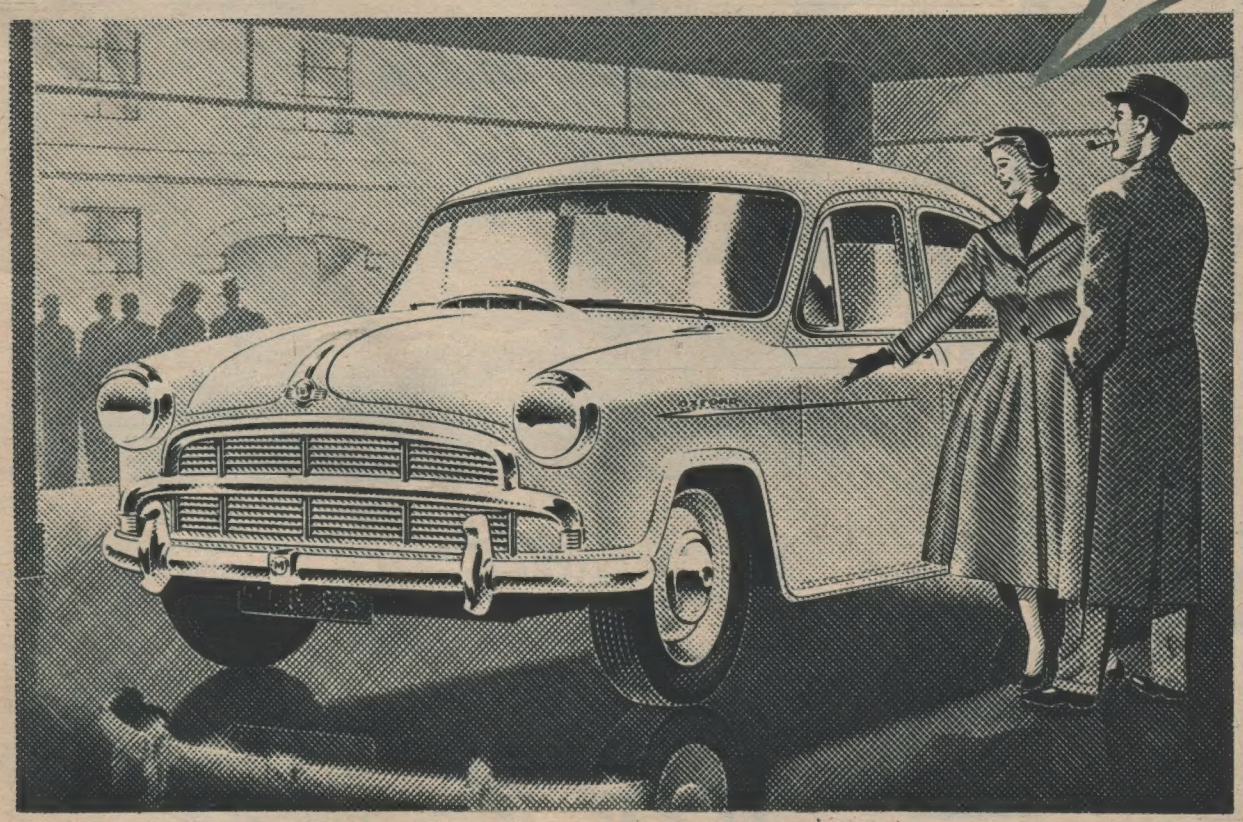

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Y-FRONT IS MADE ONLY BY LYLE AND SCOTT OF SCOTTISH KNITWEAR FAME

Beginning the tense story of a marriage in Moscow with a happy ending

Two against the Kremlin

by EDDY GILMORE

She was a Russian girl, he was a foreigner. Soviet leaders toasted them—as long as Stalin smiled on their romance

I LIVED IN SOVIET RUSSIA for eleven years and nine months and there was hardly a night when I didn't go to bed with a stone-heavy problem inside my head. I would awaken at six o'clock on those dark, Russian winter mornings, and think and think about our troubles.

I was a foreigner living in the U.S.S.R.—a foreign correspondent for the Associated Press—who had fallen in love with a beautiful Russian girl.

Now that may not sound like too much trouble, and under ordinary circumstances it wouldn't be. But the circumstances weren't ordinary. In Russia they seldom are. The Soviet authorities take a poor view of their citizens falling in love with foreigners. They have even got a law against marriages with foreigners. Love doesn't pay much attention to laws, though.

Tamara was a student at Moscow's famous ballet school of the Bolshoi Theatre. She had entered the school when she was eight years old

Eddy and Tamara in London with their children, Victoria (left) and Susanna. He spent nearly twelve years in Russia—and fought to get his family out

The Bolshoi Theatre. Tamara studied ballet here—until she was sent away because of her friendship with Gilmore

Tamara (left) with Olga Lepeshinskaya (centre), Russia's famous ballerina, and the wife of the British ambassador. At these parties the Gilmores drank with Soviet chiefs

and was a pretty good little dancer when we came together.

Our meeting was arranged by a young American doctor at the United States Embassy and his grey-eyed girl friend named Tanya.

We were standing on the corner in Gorki Street, just in front of the Central Telegraph.

"What time is she supposed to join us?" I must have asked it in Russian, for Tanya replied, "*Voysem,*" which means eight o'clock.

Tamara was not there on time for that first date, and now, after thirteen years, I can say that she has never been on time on any single occasion since then. We stood round talking about this and that in the beautifully blue twilight that Moscow enjoys in the summertime.

"Hell," I said, "I'm stood up. I've been stood up by Americans, Britons, Mexicans, Spaniards, Swedes, French, Italians and the Irish, and now by a Russian."

"*Nyet,*" said Tanya, "*Tamara budyet.*" That meant: "No, Tamara is going to be here." And in a few minutes she was.

She came walking towards us out of the cobalt-blue evening, an average-sized girl with the biggest, brownest eyes. Her hair was brown, too, and it hung long and thick over her shoulders. Her nose was turned up, her lips were full. Tamara's ankles were extremely slender, but there were muscles in the calves of her legs, the muscles that ballet dancing develops. She had very long eyelashes and she was about the cutest thing I had ever seen.

We walked up Gorki Street, the four of us. I was able to manage a sort of conversation with her. This wasn't difficult because she laughed and smiled, and that helped things.

We reached the Aragvi Restaurant, went to the head of a queue of Russian people at its barred door, and knocked. This was wartime, the summer of 1942. Food was scarce and here was the only restaurant that I knew was in operation. After another and louder knock, a man whose face I knew—and more important, a man who knew my face—appeared at a crack in the door. He let us in, his face beaming.

How odd, I thought. No protest from the queue of people who must have been waiting for an hour or more to get inside the restaurant and enjoy, perhaps, the first full meal in many a day. But we were foreigners and the Russians are traditionally polite to visiting foreigners.

I knew and liked everyone who had anything to do with running the Aragvi, from the director to the third chef. When I left Moscow I still knew them and they still seemed to like me.

I wish I could say that this was because of some magic personality, or my way with Georgians (the Aragvi is a Georgian restaurant) but I am afraid it was simply because I had been identified there with over-tipping for so many years. I over-tipped the first night I ever dined there and I did the same thing for eleven years.

The theory that over-tipping causes contempt from a waiter is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense I have ever heard.

All over this world I have over-tipped and I have yet to find any headwaiter, waiter, doorman, wine steward, barman, hall porter, taxi driver, sword dancer, barber or gipsy fiddler who showed me the slightest contempt for my extravagance.

On the contrary, they have treated me better than most people. Maybe it's an inferiority complex, as friends insist it is, but I like being treated as if I owned the place when I go out for an evening.

Gave Parties For The Famous

There are two ways to dine at the Aragvi—in the main dining hall, which resembles the men's room at New York's Grand Central Station, or in a private room.

I always chose a private room—the one that has a balcony facing the band—and there, in my time in Russia, I entertained, to mention but a few, John Foster Dulles, Anthony Eden, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, General Sir Ian Jacob, Eddie Rickenbacker, General Walter Bedell Smith, Harold Stassen, General Lucius Clay and every American ambassador from Averell Harriman, now Governor of New York, to Charles E. Bohlen, and every foreign envoy from Sir David Kelly, to the Chargé d'Affaires of Greece, Prince Thomas Ypsilanti.

We called the headwaiter Dostoievski. He wore a long, braided, claw-tailed coat which must have been made in the last century. His hair reached the back rim of his high, starched collar. His face was long and thin and he was a brilliant man.

He wore nose glasses attached to a thick, black ribbon, and cufflinks that once belonged to the Tsar. His shoes were very pointed and always polished. He was a great judge of character and caviar.

He once said that if Paris was the city of magnificent distances, then Moscow was the city of distant magnificences. That was the only political remark that I ever heard him make.

The night I met Tamara, Dostoievski was at his best. He showed us to our room, hustled in some lush wild flowers and summoned the band. He crowded the musicians into a corner and ordered them to play the Georgian love song, "Suliko."

We had caviar, satsivi (breast of turkey smothered in a cold nut sauce), shashlyk—a plate piled high with it—delicate green onions, thick slabs of fresh, unsalted butter, the partly toasted, warm, thick white bread peculiar to the Aragvi, and Turkish coffee.

We drank chilled vodka and borzhom, the Georgian mineral water, sang and laughed and later on had the band play nearly everything from "On the Streets of Yerevan," to the hauntingly sad gipsy melody, "Two Guitars."

It was an unbelievable evening of my life. I fell in love with Tamara. This led to terrible and sometimes almost insurmountable troubles, and near tragic consequences.

By the spring of the following year I thought a very great deal of Tamara Kolb-Chernashovaya, and a clammy, cold terror swept over me one morning in late March when her sister, Zina, knocked on my door and asked me, with a frightened note in her voice, if I knew where Tamara might be.

To inquire suddenly the whereabouts of anyone in Russia suggests that they have disappeared, and to disappear in the Soviet Union

The late Wendell Willkie. He cabled Stalin and persuaded him to allow Eddy and Tamara to marry

usually means that the secret police have been at work.

Tamara and I often spoke of the secret police (what resident of the U.S.S.R. doesn't?) and we knew that before the war, Soviet citizens rarely made friends or associated with foreigners. It wasn't healthy to do so. But a war was on and Russia was receiving foreign aid—much of it from the United States and Britain—and we were all allies.

It was inconceivable to me that the Soviet authorities would object to their citizens associating with the few Americans and Britons stationed in Moscow.

Secret Sign Meant Prison

Zina said Tamara had been at home but that she had gone to the peasant market for her mother and hadn't returned. Then Zina made a sign with her two hands, crossing the first two fingers of her left hand over the first two fingers of her right hand—the sign the Russian people make when they mean that someone has gone to jail.

I asked her why on earth Tamara should be in jail and Zina began to cry. She shook her head and refused to reply. If the secret police were causing trouble, then this meant that I was the cause of the trouble. Zina simply didn't want to admit this to me.

I hurried to the telephone and asked our office translator to come to my flat as quickly as she could. With Madame Tchchova interpreting, I got Zina's full story.

She said that some of the girls who had been associating with American and British men had been warned off by the secret police. Tamara had never been warned, but she knew about the instructions to the other girls. Zina was firmly convinced that Tamara was in the hands of the secret police.

I said that someone should inquire at their headquarters to find out about this. Zina looked at me as if she couldn't believe the words that were being interpreted.

"That's not done here," she said.

"Well, we've got to do something. I'll go to

Continued on page 39

Tamara on holiday on the Volga. "She has big, brown eyes, her lips are full and her nose is turned up," says Gilmore. When he married her at a Moscow register office, the officials stood and cheered

THE DEVIL'S LAND

by ***FREDERICK E. SMITH***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARDS

Here was a dry, evil wilderness. Just the place for Lategan to die. And no one would guess it was murder

THE TRUCK WAS CRAWLING ALONG, throwing a dust cloud behind it like a destroyer throwing a smoke screen. To the east the Duiwelsland lay baking in the sun, its tortuous desolation relieved by only an occasional cactus and thornscrub.

Inside the cab of the truck the heat was almost intolerable. Retief was at the wheel. Sweat was matting the hair on his bare arms and staining black crescents under his armpits. Beside him sat his wife, Marie, and alongside her was Lategan. Both were nodding, half asleep. Lategan, his hair caked with dust, was leaning against the cab door, one elbow through the open window. The heat was entering the cab in waves, drying the skin and burning the eyes. The truck lurched and jolted along the road.

Retief braked suddenly, bringing his two companions awake with a start. A cloud of red dust, rising round the truck, made the girl cough. Retief had twisted sideways and was pulling a rifle out from behind the seat. He met Lategan's questioning eyes.

"Stembuck," he said briefly, thrusting the rifle through his open window.

The other two followed his gaze. As the dust settled they saw a stembuck fifty yards from the road. Although it had heard the truck it was too exhausted to run. It was hobbling away from them, its head hanging low on its slender neck.

The girl caught hold of Retief's arm. "You aren't going to shoot it, are you? It's looking for water!"

Retief turned slightly and glanced at her. With a small shake of her head she withdrew her hand. Retief sighted again and fired. He lurched against her with the recoil of the Lee-Enfield. When she looked up, she saw the stembuck lying motionless on the veld.

There was a brief, tense silence in the cab. Retief returned the rifle behind the seat, then released the handbrake.

Lategan leaned forward, his voice harsh. "Aren't you going to bring it in?"

Retief thumbed the starter and the truck rolled forward. "No. We've got plenty of meat."

Lategan's voice came again, louder. "Then why did you kill it?"

The girl flinched. She laid a quick hand on his arm, only to withdraw it as she felt Retief's eyes on her.

"I like shooting," Retief said. "It's my favourite sport."

"Killing every animal you see isn't sport. Killing that lame buck wasn't sport. It was butchery."

The girl's face went pale with fear. Retief's eyes drew into tight slits for a second, but that was all. He made no reply. The truck rolled on, dragging the red dust behind it. The sun beat down; the desolate landscape slid monotonously by; the moment of tension seemed to have passed.

So complete was the illusion that Lategan began to doze again, totally unaware that Retief had begun planning his murder. . . .

Retief was a trader in charge of a lonely native store on the fringe of the Kalahari. He was a man of forty-five, tall and gaunt, with a body of surprising strength. In spite of the hot African sun his face was cadaverous, with high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, and a long, bony jaw. In the right clothes he would have looked a perfect seventeenth-century Puritan; and in his ability to see evil where none existed, he might well have been one.

Lategan was his assistant at the store. Marie Retief was twenty years younger than her husband. She was dark-haired, slimly built. Retief had brought her to the store a few months after their marriage, and she had now been there over three years.

They had been alone together until six months ago, when John Lategan arrived. In both his good looks and cheerful nature Lategan was the exact opposite of the sullen, brooding trader. A young and healthy man, he had done a little innocent flirting with Marie, but the girl had resisted him without difficulty. It was not that she was in love with her husband any longer; it was just that she had no taste for intrigue. Also she was no fool, and knew the dangers of playing with fire in a confined space.

Lategan had respected her conduct and amended his own accordingly. They had become good friends and nothing more. Lategan, in fact, did not think himself in love with her, and an increasing restlessness to get away from the store convinced him of his belief.

RETIEF, however, had other convictions. Undoubtedly, drink and the climate had much to do with them. He was a heavy brandy drinker and the climate was torrid. There had been no rain for over a year and the veld was charred brown under a white-hot sun. In such heat alcohol is a poison. It poisons both the body and the mind.

Retief's suspicions of Lategan had grown almost daily, and with them his hate. It had built up pressure in his mind like steam in a boiler until it needed but the slightest provocation to explode it into action. The dead stembuck had provided the provocation.

The next morning over breakfast, Retief said to Lategan: "I'd like you to come into Umbala with me today. Mannheim's have got in a new type of generating plant—I'd like your views on it."

"I'm going to throw up the job," he said. "Why

Lategan knew that both of them could be spared from the store. It was the height of the summer and the tribes had moved south with their cattle. There would be little trade for a month yet.

He nodded. "All right. What time do you want to leave?"

Retief yawned. "Not until after lunch. Say about two o'clock." His eyes, watchful under their heavy lids, shifted on to Marie. She dropped her startled glance and stared down fixedly at her plate.

Later that morning Marie found Lategan in the store.

She said, her voice tight and strained: "I'd like a word with you, John."

His welcoming smile faded at her tone. He led her away from his two native assistants to the

don't you get out, too? Leave him to his brandy. He doesn't need you." Retief's wife looked anxiously at Lategan. "Be careful," she pleaded

far end of the store. "What is it? Your husband again?" he asked grimly.

She nodded. "He was furious with you yesterday. You shouldn't have said anything. . . ."

"I don't like seeing animals killed for fun any more than you do," he broke in curtly. "I'd intended telling him about it before."

"I know. But you shouldn't have said what you did. You know he doesn't like you. . . ."

"That isn't my fault. I've done nothing to him."

She was still worried. "Be careful this afternoon," she pleaded. "I've got a feeling . . . oh, I don't know what it is, but be careful."

Lategan made a gesture of impatience. "I've had enough, Marie. This nonsense is getting me down. I'm going to write to the company tonight and throw up the job. I'm getting out."

Relief and disappointment both showed on her face. She was about to speak when Lategan went on. "Why don't you get out, too? This isn't a life for you. Leave him to his brandy and get out! Another year of this and your nerves will go. He doesn't need you here."

She was moving now towards the open door. "I'll be all right," she said slowly. "Don't forget what I've said, please! Be careful this afternoon. Promise me."

"I'll be careful." As he watched her step into the sunlight outside, he became aware of a strange ache in his throat.

LATEGAN and Retief left shortly after two. When they were ready, Retief leaned out of his cab window and looked at his wife. "You can expect us back about eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock," she said, her eyes reaching past him to Lategan.

Lategan tried to put reassurance into his smile. Then a cloud of dust hid her as the truck rolled away.

Retief followed the road for more than ten miles, long enough to assure Lategan that the trip was routine.

Then suddenly he slowed down, his eyes examining the roadside. He gave a satisfied grunt and swung the wheel over to the right. The truck rumbled off the road into a wilderness of thornscrub and sand.

Lategan felt the first stirrings of alarm, although he kept his voice steady. "What's the idea? This is the Duiwelsland, isn't it? You can't get through here."

The Duiwelsland, or Devil's Land, was a wilderness held in evil repute by the natives. They said that no man lost in its maze of twisted dongas and arid wastes could ever find his way out again. The tribes gave it a wide berth.

Retief's voice was casual. "There is a track through. I've used it before. It cuts ten miles off the trip to Umbala. It's a bit uncomfortable, that's all."

The truck kicked and bucked like a wild thing

as it crawled deeper into the wilderness. The heat was intense; the shirts of both men were soaked in perspiration. An hour passed. The Duiwelsland stretched to the horizon on every side of them, sun-bleached and forbidding. They rumbled down a shallow donga and lurched up the other side. As the truck shuddered over a hidden obstacle Retief cursed and braked. He threw open his door.

"I think a back tyre's gone," he told Lategan. "Give me a hand, will you?"

Taken off his guard, Lategan jumped down on to the sand. He walked round the rear of the truck, straight into the muzzle of a revolver. He looked up and met Retief's eyes.

Retief motioned to a thornscrub fifteen yards from the truck. "Get over there and wait for me."

"What the devil is this?"

The revolver jabbed into Lategan's stomach. "Get over there!"

Silently Lategan obeyed. Retief took a heavy stone and drove a hole in the petrol tank. The petrol gushed out, making a round patch of red mud under the truck. Then Retief reached inside the cab and pulled out his rifle and two water bags. He slung them over his shoulder and walked towards Lategan, revolver in hand. He jerked the muzzle towards the tortured land that lay over to the west.

"We've got a long walk ahead of us, Lategan. We'd better get started."

"What's the idea? What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to kill you, Lategan. That's the idea."

Lategan's face was pale. He clenched his fists. "You're crazy. What have I done to you?"

Retief said: "You've plenty of time to puzzle that out. Go on. Walk."

"There's never been anything between Marie and me. Can't you get that into your crazy mind?"

"Walk, Lategan. . . ."

By sunset they were in the very heart of the Duiwelsland. Retief had been drinking deeply from one of the water bags. Now he drained it and threw it at Lategan's feet.

"We want the search party to find everything in order."

"You don't think you can get away with this, do you?" Lategan said.

Retief laughed loudly. "Easily. Our petrol tank was punctured by a stone; we had to find our way back on foot. But we couldn't agree. You wanted to make for Umbala and I wanted to start back for home. We argued about it, and finally you decided to set out with one water bag to Umbala and I started for home with the other. And it turned out that you were wrong. . . ."

"How do you find your way out?"

Retief laughed again. "Me? You forget—I'm one of those people who must kill every animal they see. A butcher, wasn't it, Lategan? This is good country for game, seeing the natives keep out of it. I've often hunted here; I know it well. Don't worry, Lategan, I shan't starve. And I won't get lost." He anticipated Lategan's next question. "But I'm going to make it look as if I've been lost. I'm going to hide out for three days before I stagger home. By that time I doubt if the search party I call up will find you in the best of condition."

"What do you intend doing with me?"

"I'm going to give you a sporting chance," Retief said.

Lategan's lips curled. "A sporting chance—without water in this wilderness?"

In the failing light Retief's face looked like a grinning death mask.

"I could shoot you, you know," he said. "The vultures would take care of any bullet holes. But I like this way better. It gives you more time to think. . . ."

Lategan tried for the last time. "Can't you get it into that crazy mind of yours that there has never been anything between her and me?"

Lategan clenched his fists: "There's never been anything between Marie and me. You're crazy." Retief jerked the gun up. "Walk," he ordered

"Go on, Lategan. Start begging for your life. . . ."

Lategan's muscles tensed. He almost flung himself on to the revolver. But he fought back the impulse. A miracle might happen yet.

The sun had set and darkness was falling with tropical suddenness. Clumps of cactus and thornscrub were taking on the shapes of crouching animals. Far away the hideous cry of a jackal made the silent air shudder. Retief backed away a few yards. He unslung his rifle, rammed a cartridge into the breech, and pointed the muzzle at Lategan.

Lategan thought Retief had changed his mind, and he braced his body against the shock of a bullet.

INSTEAD, Retief raised his revolver and emptied it into the air. The six reports rolled back in echoes from donga and ravine for a full quarter of a minute. Then Retief threw the empty revolver at Lategan's feet.

"So the search party won't think I left you unarmed," he said. He slung his water bag over his shoulder. "I'm going now, Lategan. Don't try to follow me or I may change my mind and shoot you after all. Better get some sleep—you've a hard day ahead of you tomorrow. Goodbye, Lategan."

With that Retief slipped away. He made no attempt to find his way out in the darkness. After putting a mile between himself and Lategan, he settled down for the night in a donga. At dawn he searched the tortured wilderness behind him, but could see no sign of life. Satisfied, he started on his journey, a speck in an infinity of scorched waste.

To make certain of Lategan's death, he had taken him a good twenty miles from the road. By midday Retief had covered half this distance. The wilderness was like a furnace, throwing up heat waves from the burning sand. Dust coated his throat and made him lift his water bag repeatedly to his lips. His teeth showed through his caked lips as he thought of Lategan.

Something bounded up almost from under his feet. It was an impala, skimming the ground as it fled. Welcoming the break in the monotony, Retief unslung his rifle, took quick aim, and fired. The impala stumbled, rolled over, then ran on. Retief fired again, but now the range was too great. He shrugged. It would die from loss of blood, anyway.

He trudged on slowly, thinking of Lategan, thinking of Marie when he arrived home alone in two days' time; thinking of anything but the impala.

LATEGAN stopped in despair. In vain he searched for a landmark. Every donga seemed as intent to misguide him, every thornscrub as evil-shaped as its fellows, every cactus as keen to tear his flesh. He knew the futility of his struggle, yet made himself go on. By late afternoon he was feeling the first agonies of thirst, and knew his tongue would soon begin to swell in his mouth.

A dust storm rose like a heavy brown curtain against the brassy sky and held the heat, making breathing an agony. The storm blew until sundown.

There was no wind on the second day; there was nothing but the sky, and sand, and pain. Lategan knew the end was near when he began having visions. He kept seeing water, and Marie. . . . She stared at him with agonized eyes from rocks, from sand dunes, from the sky. And in some curiously unaffected part of his brain Lategan knew now why he had been restless, why he had felt that strange ache in his throat. . . .

He fell and lay in the sand, his helpless face exposed to the sun. A hornet landed on his cheek and thrust its lancet deep into the skin. The sharp pain brought him conscious again, made him open his eyes. He saw a black speck hovering over him. It was joined by another, and another; the vultures were gathering. They settled close to him, their ugly, bulbous bodies trembling with eagerness, their beaks stabbing the air as they waited.

Lategan staggered up and went stumbling on. The desert kept darkening, as if clouds were crossing the sun. Dust devils swayed before him. He fell again, and as he fell he heard the heavy flapping of wings behind him. With all feeling burned from him, he watched the vultures floating down. They dropped lower and lower, preparing to land.

Then, suddenly, they checked and flew on. Laboriously, his tired mind tried to understand. He saw other vultures in the distance change direction, ignoring him. He got to his feet again and staggered up a mound of sand, his eyes following them. Far in the distance he saw the black specks converging, pointing like a huge arrow to the ground.

Delirious, with no other landmark to guide him, Lategan stumbled to that one spot in the wilderness of death where there was life.

He knew little of the hours that followed. Instinct alone drove him on. But as he reached the meeting place of the vultures his brain cleared for a few seconds. The vultures fell back at his approach, their hooded eyes startled at first and then speculative. It was then that Lategan saw what had brought them there. On the sand lay the almost stripped skeleton of an impala.

He laughed and fell, the sand leaping up and choking his mouth. He tried to get up again, and his arms and legs buckled at the joints. His last thought before he slid into unconsciousness was one of bitter irony. The vultures had spared him, but he had not accepted their offering. He

had followed them to their death rendezvous. They would not spare him a second time.

Lategan had missed the deeper irony of the situation. He had not noticed that the dusty road ran less than fifty yards away, that the wounded impala which Retief had shot had run out of the Duiwelsland before dying. In doing so it had not only drawn the vultures away from Lategan, but it had shown him a way out of the wilderness. Shot for amusement by Retief, it had unknowingly taken its revenge.

The vultures were drawing nearer to Lategan when a bullock cart came rumbling down the road. The three natives in it saw the body and ran towards it. Chattering with excitement, they carried Lategan to the cart. The cart jolted away with him, away from the Duiwelsland and its demons. . . .

It was after sunset on the third day when Marie heard someone knocking at the side door of the house. She unbolted the door and opened it, and saw Lategan on the *stoep*. He had a policeman with him, a tall officer in khaki, carrying a revolver. They came into the house. Marie stared at Lategan's ravaged face and the fever still burning in his bloodshot eyes, and her hands went mutely out to him.

"What happened, John?" she whispered. "What did he do?"

"He isn't back yet?"

"No. I've nearly gone mad these last three days, wondering what had happened. . . ."

The light of the lounge showed up Lategan's exhaustion. His eyes were sunken, his shoulders sagging; he seemed to be keeping on his feet by sheer will-power.

Marie caught hold of his arm. "Tell me. What did he do to you?" And her dark eyes widened with horror as he told her.

". . . So I followed the vultures and some natives found me near the road," Lategan concluded. "They took me to their kraal and sent to Umbala for a doctor. I was delirious all night and must have talked, because the doctor called in the police." He nodded at the policeman. "Superintendent Van Reenan arrived this morning. We came here as soon as I could get back on my feet."

Her voice was unsteady. "So they'll arrest him."

"I'm sorry," Lategan said. "I'm sorry, Marie. I didn't want you mixed up with the police. Perhaps the superintendent could wait in the kitchen."

MARIE hesitated and looked at the officer. He was a powerfully built man with a square unlined face and direct blue eyes. He looked capable in a slow-moving, unimaginative way.

"May I take a look, *mevrou*?" he asked. "At once, if you please. Your husband may come back at any moment."

Marie took him into the kitchen, and then they came back into the lounge. There was an awkward silence. The officer's presence embarrassed Lategan, making it impossible for him to say any of the things he wanted to say to Marie.

He went out on to the *stoep*. Darkness had fallen: the horizon had closed around the house, menacing it with a hundred crouching shadows. Lategan wondered which way Retief would come. There was not much fear of him coming across the police car, which they had driven off the road some distance from the house.

Lategan felt almost too weak to stand. Every cell in his body was screaming for sleep. He tried to consider what the future could hold for him and Marie if Retief were imprisoned, but his mind was too feverish for thought. He started at a movement near him, but it was only Marie and the officer, coming out to join him on the *stoep*. Marie came and stood beside him, her hand on his arm.

Her nearness was what he needed. It settled the confusion in his mind, resolving everything into the simplest terms. He loved her. And he was about to tell her so when a hiss of warning came from the superintendent farther along the *stoep*.

Marie's deep shudder of fear helped to brace Lategan. He took her arm and they moved back cautiously along the wall into the house. The officer followed them, and went through to the kitchen. "Do not worry, *mevrou*," he said sombrely. "I am close at hand." He pulled the kitchen door almost shut behind him.

THE house was deathly quiet. Lategan's weakness seemed to come in hot, slow waves. His heart was thumping madly. He looked around him for a weapon and his eyes fell on a heavy brass ornament standing on the mantelpiece. He took Marie's arm and led her across the room. Her dark eyes were enormous; her body trembling uncontrollably. They stood there together, waiting.

Heavy clumping of footsteps sounded on the *stoep* outside. Lategan's throat went dry and his

Continued on page 39

Marie stared at his ravaged face and the fever still burning in his bloodshot eyes. Her hands went out to him and she caught his arm. "What did he do to you?" she whispered

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THE FINEST BICYCLE BUILT TO-DAY

At Lord's in 1952, the Queen is introduced to the umpires and England team. Chester (second from right) has officiated at sixty Test matches

Frank Chester means justice at the wicket

by STEVE BLATCHFORD

When players roar an appeal or skippers dispute his ruling, the world's top umpire stays calm. In thirty years he has become a legend—for making sure that it really *is* cricket

PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS around Bramall Lane cricket ground, Sheffield, heard a loud click as the Yorkshire opening batsman, Herbert Sutcliffe, played forward to a ball from the Middlesex fast bowler, "Gubby" Allen. As wicket-keeper Price caught the ball, the fielders appealed loudly. But the umpire shook his head. "The ball hit the wicket," he said, "not the bat."

He marched down the pitch and pointed to a faint red mark where the new ball had grazed the leg stump but had not dislodged the bails:

"No one but Frank Chester had seen the contact," says the former England bowler, Bill Bowes, who watched this classic piece of umpiring from the pavilion. "It was lucky for Herbert that Frank's eyesight is so good."

Self-assurance and sound judgment on the cricket fields of England have given Chester a reputation as the world's foremost umpire. Tall and brisk, with a slight occupational stoop resulting from more than thirty years of crouching over the stumps, he has officiated at sixty Test matches, far and away a record in international cricket.

"Without hesitation," Sir Don Bradman has said of Chester, "I rank him as the greatest umpire under whom I played. In my four seasons' cricket in England, he seldom made a mistake and gave some really wonderful decisions."

Chester's perfectionism and integrity are legendary in pavilion dressing-rooms from Hove to Headingley. An enthusiast at a lecture in Sevenoaks, Kent, once asked him if a batsman or a bowler should have the benefit of any doubt.

"There is never any doubt," Chester replied.

At Lord's, once, an England batsman came out without batting pads to act as runner for an injured colleague. Chester sent him back to the pavilion. "You might as well come out in running spikes and shorts," he told him.

Chester refuses to be bullied by even the most

A Test match is held up while Chester (left) and Elliott agree to replace a split ball. Says one player: "Chester loves to give a game some drama"

celebrated of cricketers. In a county match some years ago, he heard the Surrey captain, Percy Fender, muttering discontentedly at the refusal of a leg before wicket appeal.

Are you questioning my decision, Mr. Fender?" he said.

"No," said Fender.

But Chester thought fit to emphasize his authority. "If you question my decisions," he added, "I shall report you." Fender muttered no more.

The volume of an appeal does not influence Chester. At Taunton, the Glamorgan bowler, Emrys Davies, appealed so quietly that Chester's raised finger astonished one of the Lee brothers, batting for Somerset. Lee challenged the dismissal on the ground that no one had appealed. "I thought I had got away with it," he said later.

Ignored Australian Shouts

When Frank Chester umpired his first county championship match, Essex against Somerset, at Leyton in 1922, he ignored an elderly colleague's advice to allow captains a "life" or two. He gave a stumping decision against John Daniell, of Somerset, and judged Johnny Douglas, of Essex, out leg before wicket. Through the years, he has remained icily impartial, regardless of black looks, vocal criticism and even captains' reports to the M.C.C. headquarters at Lord's.

In the fourth Test match at Leeds in 1953, Chester turned down an appeal by the Australian fast bowler, Ray Lindwall, against Denis Compton. By their actions, several of the Australians showed clearly their displeasure, just as they had done earlier when both Chester and his fellow umpire, Frank Lee, refused an appeal against Simpson.

Later in the same match, Lindwall, supported by more than half his team-mates, appealed loudly against another England batsman. Chester turned this down, too. At the end of the over, Lindwall snatched his sweater from the umpire. Chester remained aloof, turning his back on the bowler.

Explaining his reaction afterwards, Lindwall claimed that Chester had added to his decision: "That was a very bad appeal."

After the match Chester declined to comment on the incident, but it was an open secret that Hassett, the Australian captain, lodged a formal complaint against the appointment of Chester for the final Test at the Oval. A recurrence of Chester's illness, duodenal ulcers, prevented a difficult situation and kept him out of the game until the start of the 1954 season.

"Chester enjoys the chance to give a game atmosphere and suspense," says one Australian player. During the Leeds Test between England and Australia in 1948, Edrich swept a ball high into part of the crowd which had encroached over the boundary. Chester walked straight to where the ball had fallen. A lane opened for him through the hushed spectators. He picked up the ball, and returned deliberately to the stumps before signalling a six.

The influence of Chester on cricket extends to its laws. In 1947, he caused a stir when he told Norman Yardley and Alan Melville, the captains of England and South Africa in the fourth Test at Leeds: "You must not use the fast bowlers. If you do, play will have to be suspended." Chester held that the conditions of the light and the wicket made fast bowling dangerous. Subsequently, the M.C.C. amended its laws to incorporate Chester's ruling.

Won County Cap At Sixteen

But for a wound in the first World War, Frank Chester might have had a playing career as distinguished as his umpiring record. Born on January 20, 1896, he made his cricketing début at the age of twelve in his native village of Bushey, Hertfordshire. At thirteen, he led his club's batting averages. At sixteen, he won a county cap with Worcestershire.

The former England cricketer, Patsy Hendren, says: "Chester was potentially one of the best batsmen England has had. As a youngster he was brilliant. He scored a century against Middlesex at Lord's when he was barely seventeen."

Against Leicestershire at Coalville in 1914, the eighteen-year-old Chester scored ninety-three in seventy minutes. Later in the season, he hit four sixes off Johnny Douglas, of Essex and England, in scoring 178 not out. "The nipper," as he was then known, also bowled off- and leg-breaks. In one day at Southampton in 1913, he took six wickets for forty-three runs after hitting 128 not out off the Hampshire bowling.

Gateman Wanted Him To Pay

In December, 1914, Chester joined the Royal Field Artillery. At Salonika, a piece of shrapnel struck his arm, which had to be amputated.

Chester started umpiring on the first-class list in 1922 at the age of twenty-six. The youngest umpire ever to go on the list, he arrived at Northampton for one of his early matches, only to be refused admission. The county secretary had to go to the entrance to convince the gateman that the youthful Chester was indeed the umpire and therefore need not pay the entrance fee.

Chester soon showed his ability. In four years, he was umpiring Test matches. "He calls a no-ball just that split-second quicker and clearer than other umpires," said one Test captain.

The man himself regards concentration as the most vital requirement in an umpire's make-up. "Players," he says, "are forgiven an occasional lapse, but umpires must concentrate on every ball bowled for six hours a day."

The greatest compliment ever paid Chester came from Sir Don Bradman. In the first Test in 1938, Bradman had scored fifty-one and looked set for yet another marathon innings when Reg Sinfield bowled a ball which spun considerably. It lightly touched the inside edge of the bat, hit Bradman's pad and was caught by Leslie Ames keeping wicket.

Bradman overbalanced slightly and Ames whipped off the bails and appealed for a stumping. The square leg umpire gave not out.

Ames then appealed to Chester at the bowler's end. Calmly, as though it were obvious to all, Chester said: "Out, caught," and turned his back on the scene. Bradman said later: "It was one of those remarkable pieces of judgment upon which I base my opinion that Chester is the greatest of all umpires." THE END

Miracle Boy

by ***DAVID KEENAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He was eight years old, and he was going on a journey. He wanted a miracle to save his puppy—and he knew where he could find one

The puppy was sick. All day Maurice watched over him, but he could take nothing but water. At this age, the fever usually killed them

IT WAS EARLY MORNING in the Hautes-Pyrénées. The village of Poroix was waking; smoke began to pour from more and yet more chimneys, tawny smoke, turning to blue-grey as the fires took hold and began to burn steadily. The smoke rose through the thinning morning mists to a sky already deep blue, although the sun had barely appeared over the shoulder of the hills.

On the steep road out of the valley, a small figure carrying a large bottle walked sturdily uphill. At the crossroads he studied the sign for a moment and then turned south.

Maurice was eight. He had a long way to go. When he thought about that, he walked more quickly. When his mother missed him there would be people out looking for him. He thought again about his puppy.

The puppy was sick. All yesterday, Maurice had stayed watching over him as he lay in his straw-filled box. The restless puppy's flanks had been wet, and his usually cool nose hot and dry and all he had been able to take had been an occasional drink of water.

Last night he and his father had taken the puppy to the old man who knew all about these things, and the old man had said that there was nothing to be done. The fever was bad but then, the puppy was sturdy. True, the fever at this age usually killed them, but it would be possible to tell in a day or so which way it was turning. One way, there would be a chance; the other, well, it would be kinder to put him to sleep. . . . Maurice went home, put the puppy in its box, and ran up to his room. He cried himself to a fitful sleep, and woke early, desperately wondering what he could do.

He turned restlessly in his bed. The pale early morning light filtered into the room, picking out the familiar detail. The foot of his bed; the box in which lay his best suit; on the wall, a crucifix; and, below that, coloured prints of

"Why do you want to go to Lourdes?" said the garage man. "Don't you know it's a long way?"

the Holy Family on one side, and Our Lady of Lourdes on the other, each with its blue glass candle-holder beneath.

Last night, Maurice had prayed hard. Would it have any effect, he wondered? He remembered being told at school the story of St. Francis of Assisi, who was a lover of animals and birds . . . but St. Francis had lived a long time ago. Perhaps a special prayer to Our Lady —his eyes strained towards the prints on the wall. Our Lady of Lourdes. *Lourdes!*

Maurice sat up sharply.

People said that the water from the spring at Lourdes could cure all sicknesses. They came from all over the world with bottles and jars to carry away this precious water. But would it work with puppies? And how did one get it?

Maurice recalled that the spring was beside the Grotto. Then, if he could find the Grotto, he would find the water. Years ago, when he had first heard the story, Maurice had asked his father where Lourdes was. His father had pointed to the south, towards the mountains, and told him: "Twenty kilometres. That's quite a long way for little boys like you." But he was a big boy now. . . .

He lay there pondering until he heard his mother moving about. Then he got up, pulled on his faded blue shirt, canvas shorts and sandals, and went downstairs. He went out to the yard to see the puppy, fearful of what he would find. But the puppy was much the same as yesterday. Maurice made him as comfortable as he could and put fresh water in the bowl.

He was so full of excitement now that he could scarcely eat any breakfast. But, under his mother's eye, he managed to swallow some of the bread after dipping it in his coffee. Then he slipped upstairs again.

Under his best suit in the box was an old tobacco tin. It chinked as Maurice pulled it out; in it were all his savings. Two hundred and seventy-four francs—a lot of money, all carefully saved from odd gifts from visiting relatives and tips for running errands. He stowed the money away, half in each pocket, stuffing the handkerchief down on top of the few coins so that they would not clink as he walked, and give him away. The rest was in small paper notes that could make no noise.

KNEELING in front of the picture of Our Lady of Lourdes, Maurice said a short prayer. Then he went downstairs again and told his mother that he was going over to see a friend. Outside in the yard, he picked out a fairly respectable bottle from the heap of rubbish in one corner and, with a final caress for the puppy, he was on his way. He stopped for a moment to give his bottle a good wash in the stream outside the village and then set off up the road.

The sun grew hotter as it climbed, and the dust raised by the occasional passing car tickled his throat. There was very little shade, and the sun beat down on his uncovered head. After walking for quite a while, Maurice came to another crossroad, and here he saw an autobus stop sign. He looked around. There was nothing to indicate which road went to Lourdes, or if the bus went there. His father had taught him always to ask when in doubt. There was a garage on the other side of the road.

Maurice approached the garage slowly. Outside and in front of the pumps was a line of white posts with coloured signs on them, and behind these a lorry was standing. The driver was leaning out of his seat, talking to the garage man. Maurice went up to them.

The man in the white coat turned round, and Maurice stammered out his question. The man looked at him, his bottle, and then up at the other man in the lorry.

"Why do you want to go to Lourdes?" he asked gently. "Don't you know it is a long way?"

Maurice was almost in tears. Perhaps this man would send him home again, and then all hope would have gone. Haltingly, he told his story. The other man leaned out of the lorry to listen. The two men looked at each other, and the lorry driver said to him: "Come with me. I'll see that you get the right bus." Maurice climbed up into his cabin. The garage man shut the door and stood back as the driver started his engine, and they were off.

MAURICE, sitting on the wide seat in the swaying lorry cabin, slowly recovered from his fears as they picked up speed. He had ridden in a lorry before, though not so big as this, and only through the village. This was a great novelty. He answered as politely as he could all the questions the driver asked him, and was surprised sometimes when the driver laughed.

The lorry slowed down and stopped in an open square in a town completely new to Maurice. The driver switched off the engine and climbed down, lifted Maurice down after him and walked over to where three buses stood waiting.

"This is the one you want," he said. "Wait here a moment."

Maurice waited by the bus. There were one or two people on it, but no sign of the driver.

The lorry driver looked into a café and went in. He returned with the bus driver, pointing across at Maurice as he talked. The bus driver nodded, and then both men came back to the bus. The driver opened the door and lifted Maurice in, telling him to take the front seat.

Overwhelmed, Maurice tried to thank the lorry driver, but the man merely laughed and waved as he climbed into his cabin.

The bus driver got in and started the engine.

Maurice sat in the front seat and watched the driver, but keeping a careful eye meanwhile on the countryside—he had to get back home again, and it would be as well to know the route. Presently the road began to descend. Below, a town spread itself to view. The driver glanced at Maurice and pointed.

"Lourdes," he said.

Maurice, barely able to keep still, perched on the edge of the seat to see better. The river was easily discernible at the bottom of the valley, and beside it, in the centre of the town, the spire of the Basilica.

Very soon the first houses cut off his view, and he could see only the road ahead and the houses. Shops began to appear—one or two at first, then dozens and dozens of them—selling pictures and statues, and medallions, millions of glittering medallions hanging in ropes and bunches, and rosaries.

The bus stopped in a wide road flanked by trees, with large buildings—hotels, cafés and shops—along one side.

"Here we are," the driver said, and began to point out the way to the Grotto. But then he stopped and said, "Wait a moment." He jumped out of the bus, and went across to a black-robed priest who had just come out of a shop on the other side of the road.

Maurice could see them talking, and several times the priest turned to look at the bus. Presently they came over, and Maurice was introduced to the priest, whose name was Father John. He was invited to tell his story

all over again, and the bus driver kept chipping in to help.

Father John listened attentively, and when it was finished he reached out his hand.

"Come with me, my son," he said. "We will get you some of the water." Maurice protested that he had not paid his fare, but the driver would accept nothing. Father John stood by smiling. The driver got back into his bus, called a last goodbye, and drove off.

Maurice looked up at Father John. He was big, and had a deep, pleasant voice and a firm hand, much like his father's hand.

"What is your second name, Maurice?" the priest asked, "and where do you live?"

Maurice told him.

They walked along the road beside a park for a few more yards until they came to a large and ornate gateway, through which they passed to the Basilica—almost terrifying in its size, after the little local church. Maurice was abashed by the size and clutched the priest's hand tightly. Father John smiled. He began to explain the surroundings to hold the boy's attention as they picked their way through the crowds of people—more people than Maurice had ever seen at one time.

They crossed over in front of the Basilica, and, passing under a high arch, came to a driveway beside the river. Along this for a few yards, and there was the Grotto, as he had seen it in books and photographs. The altar just inside, and the big statue of Our Lady in the niche above. Lots of people were passing to and fro, some taking candles and flowers to offer in front of the altar. The rock wall outside was festooned with sticks and crutches, all kinds of supports and braces; all, said Father John, left by people who had been cured.

"Perhaps we should say a short prayer to Our Lady, now that we are here."

Maurice nodded dumbly, and they knelt on the ground where they were. People were kneeling all round, and Maurice thought privately that he was glad he hadn't to do this often. This ground was hard, and it hurt his bare knees. After a moment they got up again and Maurice was led to a wall to the side of the Grotto where a lot of people with bottles and other containers awaited their turn.

He waited with them, and when his turn came filled his bottle at one of the taps. The priest watched him, smiling. When the bottle was full, Maurice looked up. "Please could you show me the way home now?" he asked. "I mustn't be late."

Father John clasped his hands in front of him and smiled broadly. "But aren't you hungry?" he said.

Maurice stopped dead. The thought of food had never come to him before, but now that he had the water there in the bottle, all the excitement and novelty passed, and he became, suddenly, a very hungry little boy.

He looked up at Father John, who held out his hand. Maurice took it, and they went back round the Basilica and out to the street.

At last they came to a small gateway in a quiet street. Maurice was taken through a yard into a busy kitchen, and was introduced to a huge man in a stained white coat who was wielding a large carving-knife. This man put down his knife, wiped his hands, and patted Maurice's head. He said something to Father John, who took Maurice through into another room with long, bare wooden tables and benches. They sat down at a table and almost at once the man in the white coat, who was the chief cook, came in with a huge bowl of steaming-hot soup

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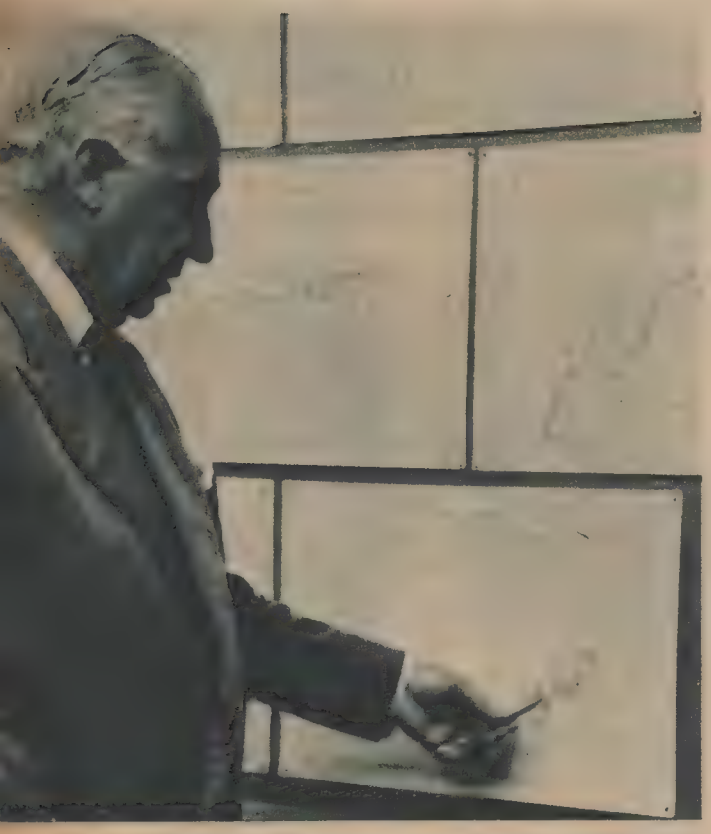
When his bottle was full, Maurice looked up at the smiling priest. "Please could you show me the way home?" he said. "I mustn't be late"

Sir Miles Thomas pilots BOAC out of the red

by WILFRED GREATOREX

With high-powered energy and salesmanship he makes British Overseas Airways pay. He is a driving autocrat whose target is profits—and he inspires his staff to earn them



Graphs of passenger and freight traffic guide Sir Miles in his drive for profits. For staff there are progress reports at every entrance.

Sir Miles relaxes with his grandchildren. He enjoys shooting and television. But his mind is usually on his job—even while he has a bath

AN AMERICAN PASSENGER in a British Overseas Airways Stratocruiser, four hundred miles out over the Atlantic, summoned the steward and asked for a sleeping-berth. Every berth had been booked, however, and the steward was about to apologize when a spruce and bulky Englishman sitting just across the gangway insisted on giving up his own reservation.

"I thought it was the only thing to do," says Sir Miles Thomas, chairman and chief executive of B.O.A.C. "There were thirty-five hard dollars to be earned."

Thomas, a wilful autocrat of fifty-eight, who expects highly competitive public service from everyone under him, from air crews to booking-clerks, has an eye to business and a talent for keeping up appearances which have done much, subordinates and rivals agree, to steer B.O.A.C. into solvency and its current position among the world's leading airlines. When he took over B.O.A.C. in July, 1949, Thomas ordered that boards should be placed at every staff entrance showing the previous day's business—a system which has prevailed ever since.

Flew To Investigate Crash

A commanding six-footer with a pink complexion, steely blue eyes topped with bushy brows, and a reputation as one of the best-dressed men in Britain, Sir William Miles Webster Thomas radiates an aura of assured well-being even at the worst of times. Soon after 4 a.m. last Christmas Day he was awakened at his home with news of a Stratocruiser crash at Prestwick, in which twenty-eight people were killed. At 5 a.m. he dictated the first of two official statements for the news agencies, then ordered an aircraft to stand by.

He had planned to spend Christmas at his daughter Sheila's home. Instead, he left London Airport for Prestwick in a Dove. Three hours later, he was examining the Stratocruiser wreck, inspecting the wheelmarks left by the aircraft, and discreetly questioning officials on the spot. At 8 p.m., when he should have been having Christmas dinner with his family, he was 7,500 feet over the Lake District, eating a snack in bumpy weather on his way back to London.

"When he stepped down," says a B.O.A.C. man, "the boss was as immaculate as ever. Some people wondered if his journey was really necessary, but he has a way of pepping up morale when things look black."

This capacity to put himself out with no visible signs of strain or disappointment showed up during that exemplary journey to New York. After giving up his berth, he slept soundly in his seat and on arrival at New York was still sartorially uncreased. He can relax more completely in the air than anywhere on sea or land—his home life is too often disturbed by phone calls at all hours of the night and weekend to be really restful—and he usually falls asleep on long air trips. "He's probably developed the habit quite consciously as a sales promotion aid," says a friend.

Sacked Third Of His Staff

With his flair for salesmanship and human relations, both inside the corporation and in the world at large, Thomas runs B.O.A.C., a nationalized enterprise, on orthodox private enterprise lines, with profit as the guiding motive. When he became chairman, B.O.A.C. was running in the red at the rate of £8 million a year. He promptly set going a probe which reached into every department and led to the firing within a year of eight thousand of the 24,000 staff. Two of his own secretaries were among those who had to go, leaving him with one. He also spurred the development of a new fleet of competitive airliners to replace the unfashionable Yorks, Dakotas and Haltons which were the basis of the line.

Today, Thomas, who is paid £7,500 a year with £1,000 expenses, controls a world-wide service covering fifty-one countries, a staff of about 16,000—four thousand of them abroad in such places as Bombay, Sydney, Cairo and New York—and an air fleet of fifteen Constellations, sixteen Stratocruisers, twenty-two Argonauts and a miscellany of other types, including five grounded Comets I. On order are thirty-three Britannias, twenty Mark IV Comets and ten Douglas Seven Seas—long-range four-engined types which represent his future attack on the passenger-carrying market.

Rejected Treasury Grant

Financially, B.O.A.C. first turned the corner in 1952 when Thomas was able to reject a Treasury grant of £1 million. By last year, a profit of £2 million was announced. In the purge that led to this improvement, Thomas insisted on personally interviewing eighty-four redundant executives earning between £1,000 and £3,000 a year each.

"He somehow convinced most of them that what was happening was for their own good as well as B.O.A.C.'s," says an executive who survived. "It needed some doing."

Thomas was so smooth during these wholesale dismissals that he got a reputation for hardness. "In fact, it upset him more than anybody knew," says Lady Thomas. "He never has been one to show his feelings." His cold impassivity did not desert him one April night last year

At London Airport, Sir Miles chats with a technician. His keen interest in technical matters spurred him to buy new aircraft, including Comets

when news was telephoned to him at home of the Comet crash in the Bay of Naples. It was the third Comet to go. Thomas, probably more than anyone, had gone out of his way to popularize the Comet: he had travelled on its inaugural flights, and in speeches, press articles and broadcasts had used his earlier experience as a salesman and journalist to push it.

"Tommy has been criticized for his interest in American rather than British aircraft," says a business friend. "But he gave a bigger lift to the Comet than anyone in his position could be expected to do." Lady Thomas recalls that he was very quiet after putting the telephone down. For a moment he set the Comet's rich fulfilment, and even richer promise, against the news. It had needed a seventy-two per cent payload to break even—a high economic factor for any aircraft—yet it had been paying its way. Thomas dialled the home of his operations director and ordered him to ground the whole fleet.

He stayed up, periodically answering the telephone. He spoke hardly a word to his wife until 3 a.m., when he said he was hungry. Lady Thomas made him some sandwiches and a cup of strong tea. He finally got to bed at 5 a.m. By 8.30 he was at London Airport, presiding over an executive conference he had called to arrange for the immediate airlift of passengers stranded at various points in the world through the Comet ban. Advance bookings, advertising and timetables had to be completely revised and services switched so that Constellations and Argonauts could take over the Comet routes.

"All our planning had been based on them," says Basil Smallpeice, deputy chief executive. "Sir Miles was quite calm, but we all knew that the crash must have hit him hard."

Not long afterwards, however, Sir Miles was making it publicly plain that he still had faith in the Comet. "It was mainly due to him that B.O.A.C. won world sympathy rather than lost esteem at this time," says an air operator. "He has one of the keenest public relations brains in commerce."

Quick to seize any chance to keep B.O.A.C.'s relations with the world sweet and healthy, Thomas was watching a children's television programme one afternoon when a girl said she would like to fly in a Comet. He went to the telephone and ordered facilities to be laid on for her to go on a training flight. It was Thomas who suggested, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Canada, that weather conditions during the flight should be passed to the B.B.C. for use in their news bulletins.

Dodges Political Storms

Some of those who know him well consider that Thomas is over-sensitive to public curiosity and reactions. When a section of the press not long ago attacked his move to buy a fleet of Douglas Seven Seas—on "buy British" grounds—Thomas was so concerned that he put forward his point of view on the slightest provocation, and sometimes when there was none.

As head of a public corporation which sometimes becomes a Labour-Conservative playball, Thomas steers a shrewd, calculated course through what he terms "the political turbulence." Among friends he makes it clear that there is room for public and private air services in Britain. He disposed of B.O.A.C.'s twenty-six Yorks to a private firm, Skyways, and later sold them ten Hermes in a £1 million deal. Skyways also run a freight service for B.O.A.C. to Singapore.

"He'll help us," says Eric Rylands, head of Skyways, "as long as it's a commercial proposition for B.O.A.C. But we have to put our first team out when we're negotiating with him."

A driving business man reared in the Nuffield Organization, of which he ultimately became managing director, Thomas thrives on the competition from such rival lines as Pan-American, T.W.A., Sabena, Swissair, K.L.M., Air France and Scandinavian Airlines System, especially on the keenly contested Atlantic routes, and likes to simplify B.O.A.C.'s complex activities into a matter of selling seats.

He is hot on passenger relations, and has a rule that he should see every complaint. He has objected to such minor aspects of aerial commerce as soiled seat covers, dirty towels and the position of footrests. After one recent flight he came back with the notion that pilots should make more use of the public address system to keep passengers informed.

"I don't expect them to be tourist guides," he says, "but they should be vital, virile personalities. They can give passengers a cosy feeling of being well cared for."

Thomas is usually driven to his office at Airways House, a honeycombed office block on the Great West Road, to arrive at 9.30 a.m. "Within an hour," says J. O. Blair-Cunynghame, his chief personnel officer and a former Cambridge don, "his desk is clear, with not a paper in sight. Some of us try to emulate this sort of thing, not always successfully."

In a normal day, Thomas may handle matters involving commerce, engineering, medicine, catering, electronics, navigation, meteorology and passenger and labour relations as well as political and ambassadorial affairs—he flew to the Lebanon recently to negotiate landing facilities and co-operation with local airlines.

"The essential of success in business," he

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THE LITTLE WALLS

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Leonie had chosen between Coxon and me. Now that I knew the truth about her, I had to accept the decision

MARTIN COXON HAD RUINED many lives with his evil, twisted charm. He had driven my brother, Grevil, to suicide. And now he was exercising an unhealthy influence over the girl I loved. I meant to kill him.

My name is Philip Turner, and it was while investigating my brother's death that I had first met Coxon. A man called Buckingham, who I thought knew something about Grevil's death, had disappeared. Coxon said he knew him, and had offered to help me trace him. It was a sardonic gesture, for Coxon *was* Buckingham.

We were in Capri when I learned that, and I had met Leonie Winter, a young widow. I fell in love with her. And then, with shocked disbelief, I learned that she had previously known Coxon, that there had been something between them.

She had gone away by herself to find peace and time to think. And it was during this period that I invited Coxon out boating—and tried to kill him by capsizing the boat.

The plan did not work, for we were both picked up by an Italian fishing boat. But when we landed on the quay at Amalfi, Coxon was under no illusions about my intentions. I would always be after him. For the moment, however, there were more urgent things. I had to see Leonie.

She was staying in a village in the hills above Amalfi. I cut across country to get there and had to climb a cliff. I was almost at the top when the first stone came crashing down and I heard the voice. Coxon's voice. He had come by another route.

"This is as far as you'll come, Philip," he said. "The next one will finish you."

I could see the sweat on his face. We stared at each other for a few moments. Then I began to move again.

FINAL INSTALMENT

After The Funeral

I GOT to the parapet unscathed and clawed my way shakily over it, ready for the worst. The road was empty. I looked up at the overhanging cliff above the road and ahead to the next hairpin bend. It was unlike him to give up a position like that without making good use of it, but that apparently was just what he had done. All he had done was delay me five minutes. If there was a catch somewhere, I couldn't see it.

I made the next hairpin, but the road was climbing steeply and I couldn't get a clear view. It wasn't until I had climbed for another five minutes that I briefly caught sight of him ahead. He was walking quickly and had established a good lead. I tried to break into a trot but gave it up after a minute or two.

We were right out of the valley now, and the road had probably risen seven or eight hundred feet. In the distance the sea glimmered hazily, and all round were the mountains in knotted clusters like the muscles of an old giant.

When I saw him for the second time, he had gained on me; he must have been almost trotting and it showed his condition after being nearly drowned. I put on a spurt and tried to think of Grevil because thinking of him seemed to feed the right fires. Hatred, curiously, did not seem to come from that, but determination did, and a greater detachment.

And so thinking, I came round a corner and found an inhabited house, and then another, and suddenly was in Poltano.

By now, a thousand feet below us, Amalfi might be moving into the afternoon shadow, but in the square of San Stefano the sun hammered down with all its midday heat. It was dusty and deserted except for a few pigeons pecking among the loose stones.

I looked at my watch and wondered because it was past siesta time. But the only things stirring were the swallows. They broke both the stillness and the silence. All round the cathedral dome and the campanile they flew, darting and swerving and endlessly twittering, in no order or sequence, crossing and re-crossing each other's flight, scrawling swift meaningless lines over the slaty sky. Martin Coxon had gone. He had been three minutes ahead of me, and had made good use of the time.

Number fifteen Piazza San Stefano, Sanbergh had said. I walked round the square and saw ten—it would be on the other corner. It wasn't a detached villa as I had expected but the corner house of the row, a narrow two-storeyed place with a balcony with some hibiscus in pots. I went to the door and knocked sharply.

There was no answer. Only the hot sun and the dust and the silence. I knocked again and then tried the door. It opened. There were steps up and a door on this level. I chose the steps and was half-way when the door opened and an old woman in black looked out with a suspicious, angry face.

"Signora Winter?" I said.

I got the expected gabble of Italian, but I

Continued on page 29

I said, "Keep out of this, Leonie," and moved forward. She wrenched at my arm. "Stop it, Philip," she shouted. "You're crazy"

Four hundred pets with a million friends

by JOHN MAY

At the Children's Zoo, youngsters and animals meet face to face, and Maureen McVady persuades them all to behave

ONE RAINY SUNDAY MORNING last July, Maureen McVady, the slim, blue-eyed blonde of twenty-two who supervises the Children's Corner at the London Zoo, had no idea that any special visitors were expected. She and the girls who work with her were cleaning up for the normal Sunday opening at one o'clock. Then she heard that Prince Charles and Princess Anne had arrived by car, and wanted pony rides.

Maureen had the smallest Shetland ponies saddled up and, because of the rain, gave the Royal children their rides indoors, among the exhibits of mice, rabbits, and tropical fish.

Then she took Prince Charles across to two talking cockatoos. One of them leaned towards him and said, "Hallo, Charlie." Prince Charles looked up with surprise and delight. "I never knew," he said to Maureen, "that cockatoos could talk *properly*."

This tact on the part of the cockatoo—"It might have said something much less appropriate," says George Doubleday, originator of the Children's Zoo—is typical of the results Maureen gets with her flair for handling both animals and children.

Between March and October, the Children's

Maureen introduces one of the Children's Zoo's seventy goats to two young visitors. One baby goat, named Sabrina, taught herself to ride in a pram

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Zoo turnstiles admit 250,000 children and adults. "On busy afternoons during the school holidays," says Maureen, "you can't see the animals for people." They have come to see about four hundred animals and birds which Maureen controls, aided by her team of a dozen teenage hostesses.

Seventy goats, sheep, llamas and deer roam freely among the visitors. Six ponies and four donkeys give children rides on a peat-moss track. Two hundred mice inhabit Mouse Town. There are eight tanks of tropical fish. Two foxes are sometimes brought out on leads, and there are also rabbits, hares, guinea pigs, squirrels, a zebra, ducks, geese, bantams, love birds, turtle doves, pigeons, owls, a magpie and a jackdaw, two cats and fifty canaries.

Banished From The Corner

Persuading wild creatures to behave well with thousands of people, particularly children, is difficult. But Maureen is good at it. "She has a quiet but commanding personality," says Doubleday, "and an almost instinctive way of dealing with animals—and children." She instils into her animals and birds a high standard of public decorum.

Her problems are complicated by the curious and unexpected quirks of the animals themselves. Several which were great favourites with the children have already been banished from the Corner, for bad behaviour. At one time, Maureen and her staff used to nurse lion cubs for twenty-minute periods while the public queued to stroke them.

"But even such brief contacts with humans was too much for their temperaments," says Doubleday. "One sultry afternoon a cub swore like a cat at a little girl, and struck viciously at her hand. Lion petting ceased forthwith."

Another exile is Jackie, a chimpanzee. Too playful a sense of humour was his downfall. He was photographed hundreds of times sitting with children in the Corner. But then he jovially pushed one child off the bench on to the ground, and hurled another's hat into the crowd. Jackie lost his job.

In 1951, when part of the Children's Zoo was at Battersea Pleasure Gardens, Maureen had trouble with some bear cubs. The temper of a bear, even while still a cub, is unreliable. But these had, until then, behaved well, and were sometimes paraded on leads among visitors.

One day, Maureen offered Scruff, a three-foot black Himalayan cub, a bowl of fruit. When he had finished it, he suddenly became furious because there was no more, and clamped his jaws on to Maureen's right forearm, swinging there.

Bear Cub Looked Ashamed

Maureen did not hit him. She believes that animals respond better to the human voice than to physical punishment. So she grabbed the cub by the back of its neck, and spoke sharply. "Scruff promptly let go," she says, "and looked thoroughly ashamed of himself."

Even some of the creatures in Children's Corner which develop a fearless love of people—as most of them do—can display queer, unpredictable preferences. The cockatoo that was so tactful with Prince Charles, for instance, has a great fondness for perching on any man's arm. One evening last year, Maureen's deputy, Iris Daley, could not dislodge it from a visitor's arm and, in the end, the visitor had to take the bird to its warmed sleeping-quarters before it would get off.

Maureen forbids her hostesses to teach the animals tricks for fear of accidents. But the animals did perform tricks when they were recently filmed for children's television. One goat put its feet on the cameraman's shoulders, another wedged its head under the tripod, and a llama superciliously took up position as if to operate the camera. Maureen admits that all

George Doubleday, who originated the Children's Zoo, inspects the hostesses at their morning parade. Qualifications for the job are a grammar school education, good looks, tact and poise

Llamas are allowed to wander freely among the visitors. When the animals were filmed for children's television, Maureen and the hostesses coaxed a llama into "working" one of the cameras

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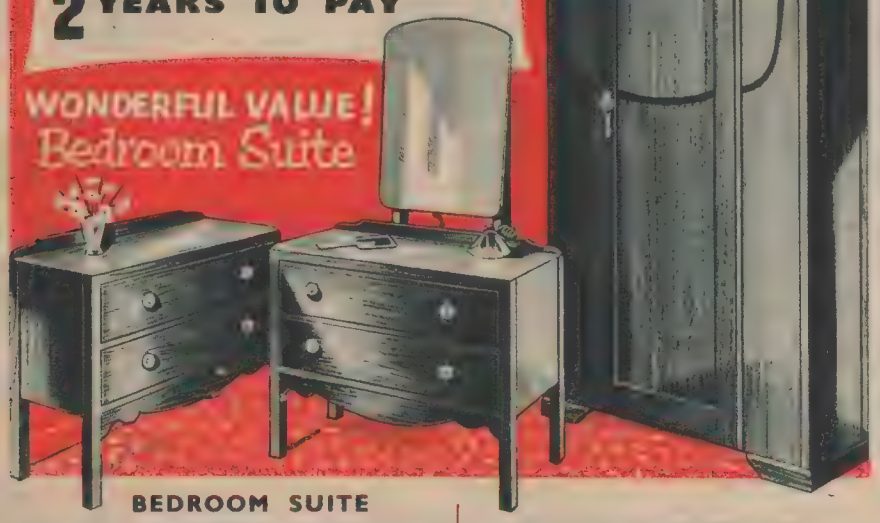

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these antics were contrived. "Viewers didn't know how hard we worked, throwing food in from the background, and pushing the animals around to make them misbehave."

Goats, she says, are the chief comedians. They are always greedy, and if they can't get food, other things will do. They often steal and eat packets of cigarettes. On flag days, the hostesses ask visitors not to let the animals near their buttonholes. The goats would eat the flags, pins and all. Visitors carrying sandwiches in paper bags are also warned to look out for goats, who chew through the paper.

One baby goat, named Sabrina, taught herself to ride standing in push-chairs which parents hire from the Zoo shop.

"Lots of children who watch her while holding a half-eaten ice-cream suddenly find that some other goat has swallowed it," says Maureen. Last year, Junior, a hornless Nubian, smuggled himself through the turnstile with the crowds, and cleared up a display of cakes and buns in the cafeteria next door. Later that afternoon, his sides bulging, he sought out Maureen and lifted a forefoot in supplication. She put him in his pen to sleep off the debauch.

Children Maul Pets

Sometimes, of course, the child visitors are a greater problem than the animals. They pet and maul them so much that bolt-holes have had to be provided under the rabbit hutches, so that the animals can get out of the children's grasp. A few mischievous children pursue the animals until they jump the low fences surrounding their pens. Maureen tries to deal tactfully with the pursuers, "though I'm boiling inside."

Another problem is that so many of the young visitors want to take an animal home at the end of the day. There are often tears, sometimes thefts. One small boy got as far as the exit before squeaks from his pockets alerted a hostess. He had seven of the inhabitants of Mouse Town.

Maureen McVady started visiting the Zoo every Sunday afternoon when she was seven. By the time she was twelve she had decided to work there. At sixteen, after a day's trial, she got a job. That is about the age at which recruits to the staff of Children's Corner are first interviewed by George Doubleday, who demands grammar school education, good looks, tact and poise.

"Candidates are startled when Mr. Doubleday asks them their waist measurements," says Maureen. "The point is that, above twenty-four inches, the zoo would have to pay £2 purchase tax on their jodhpurs."

During a new girl's trial period, Maureen tries to assess her ability to influence animal behaviour. This, at times, is the vital thing. Cleaning out a young lions' cage at Battersea, Iris Daley suddenly found that someone had forgotten to lock her in, and two lions were half-way out of the door. All she could do was yell at them. They hesitated, then returned.

Girls Dress Alike

Hostesses are issued with brown jodhpurs, a yellow blouse for Monday to Wednesday, a green one for Thursday to Sunday, the silver badge of the Royal Zoological Society, and a duffel coat for cold weather. They work a five-and-a-half-day week on a rota, from 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., with wages rising from £4 a week at sixteen.

Maureen, in her third year as supervisor, gets £7. It is a rule that hostesses dress exactly alike, and Maureen parades them every morning at 11 a.m. for inspection.

Some of the beginners think the job is just "looking pretty, cuddling animals and giving pony rides." Maureen disillusions them. Duties change half-hourly and, with so many free-roaming animals, there is always one girl assigned to sweep the yard. Once, a girl objected because her boy friend was watching. "Too bad," said Maureen, "but it's your job, and you must do it."

Many of the hostesses meet their future husbands while working at the Zoo. Some, when they marry, plead to be allowed to take one of the animals as a pet. Glyn Smith, a hostess known as the "pocket Venus of the London Zoo," who left to marry two years ago, took with her a baby black-and-white goat named Patch which she had reared on the bottle. Patch waited outside the church during the wedding, and stayed with Glyn's mother-in-law during the honeymoon.

Maureen herself is engaged to a Swiss ski-ing instructor whom she met on holiday. She intends to have a quiet ceremony at Caxton Hall, Westminster, followed by a white wedding in Switzerland. "Both," she says firmly, "without animals." THE END

THE LITTLE WALLS

Continued from page 25

did pick out the word *Duomo* and could easily understand the pointed, trembling hand. "The man?" I said. "Signor Coxon. Where is the man?"

"*Si, si, si, si.*" She nodded her head and pointed impatiently. If Coxon had, in fact, been here, this was the second disturbance she had suffered in five minutes. The pointing hand began to wave up and down from the wrist, indicating that she expected me to go.

I turned and walked across the square to the church.

I SHALL never forget going out of the dusty, empty, silent, sunbaked square into the hum and light of a church full of people. A funeral service was on. There were probably fifty or sixty people in the centre aisle; until a minute ago I should not have thought there were sixty people in five miles.

It took me only a minute to pick out Leonie. She was on the edge of the crowd, against a twisted rococo pillar; and Martin was beside her. They were both looking towards the door and they had both seen me.

I began to edge my way towards them. It wasn't easy because the priest in his rich white robe was just then waving a censer over the coffin, and the people were kneeling and crossing themselves.

When she saw me coming towards them Leonie said something sharply to Martin, and he began to edge out of the crowd in the opposite direction. I think he pressed her hand before he went. After he had slid out of the crowd, he moved away up the side aisle towards one of the unlighted chapels.

Although the Italian Church is tolerant of people moving around when a service is on, I got one or two black looks from the people I had to negotiate. She was edging her way out to meet me. She moved to cut me off in case I went straight after him.

We were still among people when I said: "I'm sorry. This is the wrong funeral. I arranged a much quieter affair."

She stared into my eyes. "Martin told me. Thank God it didn't come off."

"Is that the way you feel about it?"

"It's the *only* way to feel. Philip, the Old Testament eye-for-an-eye can only do worse harm here. Please listen."

"While he gets away?"

"There's no way out that end. But even if there was. . . ."

Although we had spoken in whispers, the people about us were staring and frowning.

She said urgently: "Please listen to me, Philip. I want you to let him go freely. Revenge on Martin can do no good now. Nobody will ever know all the truth about Grevil's death, but it was not by Martin's wish or choice that he died. Oh, I know what he did was almost the lowest thing there could be, but they were two men living on different *levels*—of conduct, I mean. Your brother's attitude—his suicide—put what Martin did out of proportion, magnified it, made it something bigger than the contemptible trick it was——"

She broke off because the people had turned on us. I thought they were going to surround us with protests and waving hands, but then I saw that the service was over and the coffin was being carried to the door. We stood in silence to watch it until it had disappeared through the crimson curtains; then the people began to shuffle after it, pressing to get out. For a minute or so we were separated.

My love for her, which had got smothered in the last hours, had flared up at sight of her again; but her attempt to defend Martin, her quite obvious sympathy with him, her siding with him against me, turned it back on itself, made poison of it, so that her being that way got the reaction she most wanted to avoid, reanimating a resolve in me that had been half thrown off.

The crowd dwindled, like sand in the neck of an hour-glass, fifty grains, twenty grains, and then the last was gone. The church was empty except for the priest snuffing the candles, and myself, and Leonie standing out white in the darkening church—and, somewhere, Martin.

I moved up the side aisle. She came across to bar my way.

I said: "Keep out of this, Leonie."

As I pushed past her she wrenched at my arm. "Stop it, Philip," she said. "Stop it. You're—you're crazy.

"Yes," I said, "it's a family failing. I'm going to make the most of it."

"You fool, that's just what it's *not*! There's never been a better balanced person than you, Philip, nor a nicer one. Don't *let* this drive you to extremes. It isn't worth it—nothing is worth that."

"Grevil was worth it," I said.

"No, he isn't, and I'm not worth it, either. Go away—if that's the only way you can see it, then leave us both, go away and live your own life in decency and honour, not with this—this thing you want to do on your mind for the rest of your life. Philip, please, please!"

The priest had put out the last candle. Evidently our voices had raised no particular alarm or interest in him, because he switched off the light above the altar and went out without even glancing at us.

The church was suddenly dark. It had become no longer a place for worship. Now that it was empty, I noticed that the whole floor of the place sloped uphill towards the east.

I heard Martin then. His footsteps clattered against a stone step. It sounded as if he was at the extreme end of the church behind the high altar.

I pulled my arm free from Leonie. Probably if I had looked at her then it would all have been different.

I went up the hill of the nave.

At best it must have been a dark church, because there were hardly any windows high up for the sun to come through. But I think the place had just now come into the shadow of the steep slopes behind.

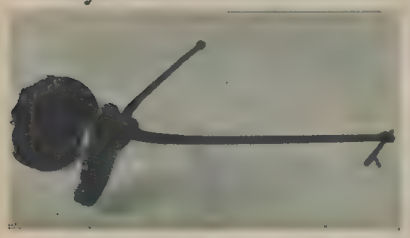
I said in a fairly loud voice: "Martin!"

He didn't answer. Near the main altar I went more slowly, sensing danger but not sure where it lay. So far as I knew he had no weapon—though weapons of a sort could be had in plenty in this church. The clip of a sandal on the stone floor told me that Leonie was following.

I saw him as I went round behind the altar. He was standing at the top of some steps which looked as if they might lead to a crypt. There were similar steps at the other side. In the

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL



THIS cast iron object is several hundred years old. It is three feet long, and heavy; the inner faces of the circular discs have an incised design and measure five inches across. Is it. . .

(a) A wafering iron?
(b) An instrument for sealing heraldic grants?
(c) An Elizabethan button mould?
(d) A cabinet maker's veneering press?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 30

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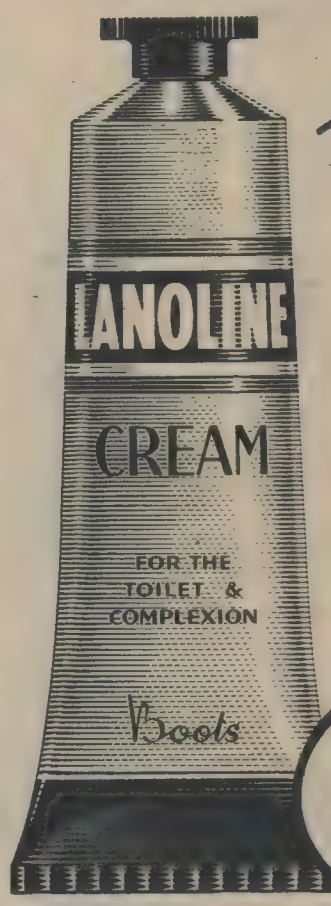

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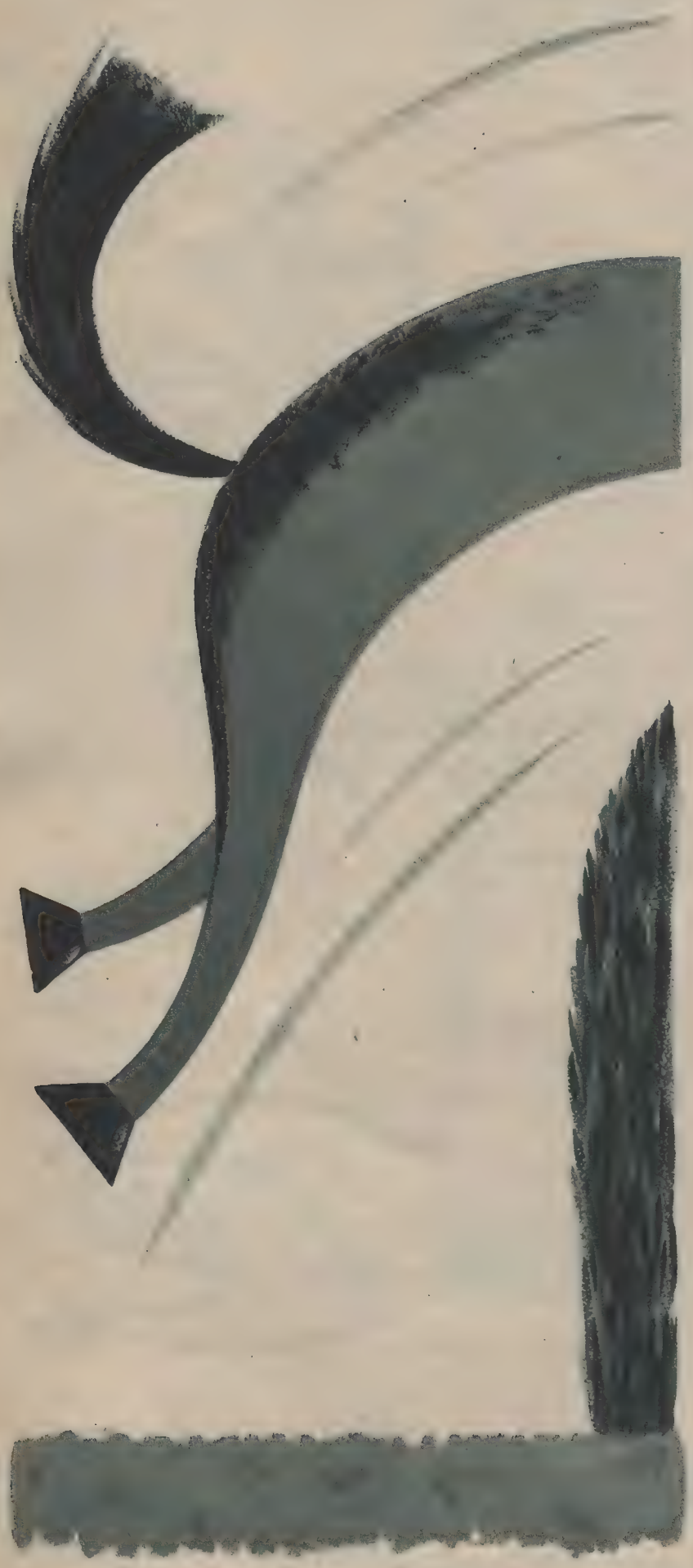


half-light I couldn't see his face properly, only the shadows that lay across it, and the dark gleaming sockets of his eyes. He had nothing in his hands.

He said: "Well, Philip. . . ."

"Well, Martin."

"Leonie thought she could turn you back. She over-estimated her influence."

I said: "Will you come outside or have we to finish it here?"

"I'm not going to fight you."

"I think you will."

"I've told you."

"It's too late for talking."

It seemed then to me that it was vitally important that I should give neither of them any more time. If I did I should be out-manoeuvred, with the two of them against me. I went slowly up to Coxon.

As I got to him he stepped away from the mouth of the steps, suddenly came at me with both fists. It didn't surprise me but I took more on the face and head than I needed, watching for the foul or the villainous kick.

They didn't come. But he did, following up, I could see, to put me out in the first rush because his strength was half spent. Reeling, I went back against an effigy of Saint Peter, and a chair slid screaming across the stone floor.

There, against the railings, I shook myself and stood up to him and gave back blow for blow, no gloves on this but bone against bone, like old fighters whom exhaustion has robbed of the last finesse.

Then I drove him away before me and we lurched against a table with candles on it; the candles leaned all askew and a bunch of them rolled chattering to the floor. He slid away as the table overset, and turned and stumbled down the steps to the crypt. Leonie cried out something to me as I went after him.

Not a crypt, but the tomb where the sacred relics of the patron saint were kept. A single blue point of light burned above the sarcophagus. Before I could reach him he had come to the ledge before the tomb—there were more candles, but on it also a tall wrought-iron candle snuffer. He picked it up and then turned towards me. I stopped and we looked at each other.

There was blood on his face. The paleness was vividly stained. His face didn't have any expression.

I walked towards him. He lifted the iron snuffer. I hesitated, took another step. With a sudden contemptuous gesture he flung the snuffer away; it clattered down upon the marble floor.

He turned and walked away towards the other steps which led back into the church again.

I caught him, and we fell very heavily together. A sudden jerk up of the knee told me he could have fought that way if he had wanted to. But now it was too late. I got him by the throat, and nothing he did could break the grip. Then he looked at me and smiled slightly, and deliberately struggled no more.

FOR a while, I held on, but I had known instantly that I couldn't tighten my grip any more. At the last the mind has to direct the muscle, and the mind would not. It was not he who was cheating me by this last refusal to struggle—it was myself.

I let go suddenly, feeling my hands unclean, part guilty of an evil act. I stayed there for some seconds or minutes, I don't know which, because there was no breath left in me either and my heart was thumping in my ears.

"No," I said. "Your business . . . is to go on . . . living."

I got up and began to shiver. I leaned against the wall of the tomb and shivered and shook, at first letting go in the complete reaction, and then struggling hard to stop it, struggling to get control. He lay on the steps where I had left him. He wasn't moving yet.

The tomb began to go round, and I reeled up the steps, clutching at a slipping world. I got to the top and something in that small ascent was like climbing away from the Pit. Someone was saying something to me.

"No," I said to her, "I haven't killed him."

She covered her face in her hands. "Oh, thank God!"

"Yes," I said foolishly. "That's about it."

"You're hurt, Philip. Let me——"

"No, I'm all right. . . ." I did for a second feel better. Only I wished the church wasn't tilting so much. In the increasing slant I saw her now clearly for the first time. I seemed to have been killing what I loved as well as what I hated.

She said: "Dear Philip, I tried so hard——"

"Go down to him," I said. "I think he—needs some help. And—you're the person to give it him, aren't you."

She looked at me slowly. "Yes . . . I'm the person to give it him. He's my husband, you know."

I DON'T remember much about the journey down. I suppose I must have left her then and gone straight out of the church. I think she said something else before I went, but I never knew what it was.

I do remember the shock like another blow to come out into the sun. There was something running down my face and I thought it was sweat. I had walked right through the empty, dusty square and out of the village before something dripped on my hand and I saw it was blood.

I took out my handkerchief then and tried to close up the gash that his knuckles had made. The people must still have been at the funeral, because I don't think I met anyone all the time I was doing this. I didn't stop walking. It's the first and only time in my life I have known what it is to be punch-drunk. My legs carried on, all the time just about to fold up but never quite doing that. Of course, I wasn't only punch-drunk from Martin's fists.

I suppose it took me the best part of an hour to get down to the road to Amalfi, and then luck was with me, because a bus came along marked Sorrento and I put up my hand, and because I looked such a mess the driver stopped in astonishment and picked me up.

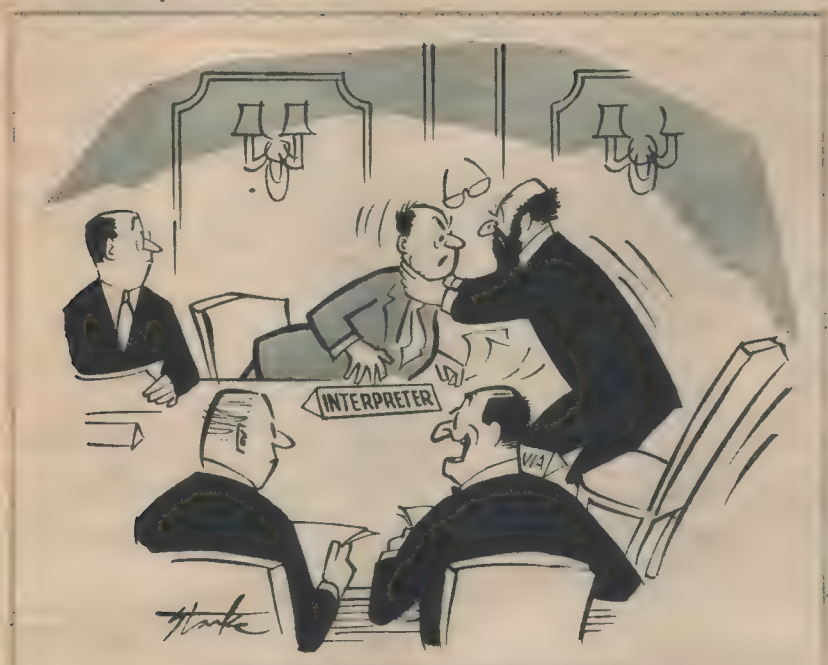
The conductor helped me in through the mass of straphangers and someone gave me his seat and I shook my head at the questions and just said, "*Accidente*," two or three times. Somebody wanted to pay my fare, but I found a crumpled thousand lire note in my pocket and booked all the way to Sorrento. From there I might be able to hire a boat.

Soon after I got into the bus I began to feel sick, and the swinging of the bus and the twisting panorama of sea and sky made the nausea worse. I didn't think of it then, but I had eaten nothing that day except a roll and coffee for breakfast. Several times I thought I should have to stop the bus and get out, but somehow I stuck in my seat. After about ten minutes the conductor got some first-aid kit from a box at the front and insisted on pressing sticking-plaster on my cheek and dabbing something that stung on a bruise on my forehead and on my lip.

I tried my best not to think of Leonie and the whole bitter mess-up of her marriage, but it didn't work. I saw the story she had told me with different eyes now. It made more

Guess What?

THE object on page 29 is a wafering iron for baking the thin biscuits formerly taken with wine—but now eaten with ice cream. The long handles enabled the wafer to be held over the fire, and the disks impressed a coat of arms or other device on it. Elizabethan settlers took the wafering iron to America: it has now come back to Britain as the waffle iron.



"You know, I *thought* that last biting rejoinder of mine would get his goat!"

sense of so much of her behaviour, nonsense of mine. I had thought—I had hoped—and with reason, that if there had only been an irregular link-up, begun on her side in the drifting state following her bereavement. . . . Marriage, of course, wasn't sacrosanct, but when it was obvious, as it now was, that she still loved him in spite of his faults . . . I knew when it was time to throw in the towel.

I don't remember what time it was when we got to Sorrento, but the sun hadn't quite set, because the cliffs looked as yellow as butter in the late sunlight. The bus stopped near the quay, and I walked unsteadily along the long stone pier, feeling pretty weak and lightheaded but mercifully free from the immediate need to be sick. There were a few small boats about and a group of men gossiping by the seats, but what at once took my attention was a yacht in the harbour with three men on it still in bathing costumes, and two of them were running up a sail. I had seen this yacht in the harbour at the Marina Grande, so I walked as quickly as I could round to where I was within hailing distance and shouted to them.

They were Americans, all fairly young, and when I told them I had had an accident and was stranded on the mainland they said: "Sure, we're off there in ten minutes. Ken'll come over for you in the dinghy."

I told them the best excuse I could think up, and one of them had a couple of bars of chocolate to spare, and somehow the intervening space of water was covered.

By the time darkness had fallen I was standing in the funicular going up from the port to the town of Capri.

I thought of what Leonie had said about Martin and Grevil when we first met in the church. I had brushed it aside with anger then, but now the argument cropped up again. Martin and Grevil had been two men living on different levels of conduct—wasn't that what she had said? Was it true that Grevil's violent reaction to the way Martin had let him down had magnified it out of its true proportion—as it were, converted petty theft into grand larceny? Practised on a lesser man than Grevil the mean betrayal of friendship—which, anyway, would never have occurred if things had gone right—would have had smaller consequences.

Today had made me understand far more about Martin than I had ever expected to. I saw him stung by Grevil's death, perplexed, bitter, angrily refusing to recognize unfamiliar feelings within himself. Stung was the word. He was like an animal that had shaken out the barb but carried the venom along with him. That was all borne out by what had happened today—the stones hurled too far away to hit me, the iron candle-snuffer thrown contemptuously on the floor. And he had fought fair with me all through, that was the queer thing. He had fought fair.

If Grevil had seen a challenge and met it—in however twisted a way—he had flung the challenge back full in Martin's face. It remained to be seen whether Martin would rise to it. If he did, then you could perhaps try to persuade yourself that there was nobility as well as tragedy in Grevil's end, that however much in it was wasted and futile and chucked away, it wasn't all waste. But it depended on Martin.

When I got to the hotel there were a lot of exclamations and offers of help, but I went straight up and stared at myself in a mirror, and I was a mess. I had some tea and cakes in my room, and when the boy brought them up he asked if Commander Coxon would be in for dinner. I said no. I wondered how often Martin left kit behind in hotel bedrooms. I didn't seem to care any longer. At least that much had gone out of me during the day. Looking back on the day it seemed a week long.

I lay in a warm bath for about half an hour, trying to let everything be soaked away, and after a bit it seemed to me that something did let go, something that had been at a stretch inside me ever since getting the first cable in San Francisco.

Perhaps it was just fatigue or perhaps it was a genuine new detachment, but I found myself no longer feeling quite the same about Grevil's death. At least, I found myself caring more in the way Grace and Arnold cared. They hated it, but it was a four-square fact: you couldn't toss it off or get round it; he had done what he had done, and the people left had to keep it in its place. The trouble with me was that I hadn't kept it in its place.

The telephone rang.

I stepped out of the bath, draped a towel and went into the bedroom.

"Hello."

"Philip? This is Charles Sanbergh. I'm glad to know you're back. Charlotte has asked me to invite you to dinner this evening. It's at eight thirty. Can you come?"

The story I had got ready didn't seem to work when it came to the point. "I'm sorry, no. But I shall have to have a word with you sometime, Charles. It's about your boat——"

"Good. Then we can expect you in half an hour?"

I said: "I have to tell you that I lost your boat today. I think—I'm

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SAV.25

pretty certain I can arrange to pay you for it in dollars—but it will put you out a great deal, I'm sure. I'm very sorry, indeed."

There was a pause. "That's a pity. I'm sorry, too. As you say, perhaps we can come to some arrangement."

Something in his voice. "You knew?"

"I don't think this is a thing to discuss over the telephone. . . . I'll come round in the morning."

"I shall be away in the morning." I looked at the floor. Something, the tea or the warmth or the rest, had put the ground back where it ought to be. I was still deadly tired, but I didn't want to miss the morning boat. "Perhaps later this evening I could slip round for a minute or two."

"Charlotte would specially like you to come to dinner. We have Langdon Williams here and it is rather a special occasion. I think you promised to come."

Williams was the artist Charlotte had mentioned at our first meeting. If there was one thing I felt less like than light conversation about nothing it was light conversation about art. Yet in decency—I said: "I'm afraid I'm rather a sight. I hurt my face."

"I'm sorry. But I think you should come. We counted on you to make even numbers."

The receiver crackled once or twice. "Oh . . . all right. Thank you."

When I put the phone down I went to the mirror again, cursing myself for being so weak-minded. The very last thing tonight. Yet what else could I do? I still owed Sanbergh a boat.

The sticking-plaster came off without more bloodshed and luckily it wasn't iodine the bus conductor had used. But I still looked like a beaten middleweight. I began to dress.

And then at that point I realized I had lost Leonie for good.

I think perhaps it was the telephone call that had done it. The phone ringing must have wakened some expectation that wasn't quite dead. I realized for the first time how much had been going on inside me on the quiet. Somewhere hope had been plodding away.

I put on a clean shirt, and tied my tie and combed my hair and put on a jacket and walked out of the hotel and thought: there were things I should have *said* to her, a different way I should have been; I was out of proportion; if I had said to her. . . . I should never have left her here, pursuing that will-o'-the-wisp to Amsterdam. . . . I wonder why her passport was still under the name of Winter; probably she had not bothered to get it changed: and then getting his cable. , . . Why did I ever send for him? . . . What did it matter whether he was Buckingham or Coxon? . . . I was crazy.

But it was done now and finished with. In any case, she was his, his all along. She had made that very clear. *She* had been the will-o'-the-wisp. I had got to put it behind me . . . but if I had said to her that night in the hall before I left for Amsterdam . . . if I had said the right things then . . . I should have gone on, gone on. But had she ever given me any reason to think . . . well, it hadn't been what she had said but . . .

The walk down from Poltano was flower-strewn compared to the one I now made to the Villa Atrani.

By the time Macy and Gimbel were barking a greeting to me I wasn't feeling too good again on my feet, and the outlook got even darker when I saw that all the usual gaggle were there; Castiglioni, the big Neapolitan shipowner, Mademoiselle Henriot, and the awful woman who had been at the other party in the toy hat. I remembered Langdon Williams as a shy man with hardly anything to say at the best of times and he looked a bit defensive in this company.

We had cocktails and talked. Sanbergh wasn't yet to be seen. Charlotte was sympathetic about my face but I didn't get an inquisition from her, which made me think she too had an idea there had been trouble.

Charles Sanbergh was still not there when we went into dinner. Then after we had nearly got through the first course, Mme Weber looked towards the door and said: "Ah, there you are, Charles. We had to start because everyone was famishin'." Then she beamed at me as if to say, you see, it was worth while coming after all.

All the men had got up because Sanbergh had brought a lady with him. After a sudden hesitation she slipped into the empty seat opposite me and beside Da Cossa. It was Leonie.

She hadn't known I was there. I could tell that because of the sudden hesitation. She went a bit green and nearly turned away.

After a minute, after she said something to Charlotte and began to eat, I remember thinking rather stupidly that it was the first time I had ever seen her in scarlet. It was probably an Italian frock, with a high collar and no sleeves and a boyish cut, but she didn't look boyish in it.

I must have stared hard because when Berto came to take my plate I got in his way and knocked the fork off. Mme Weber was saying that Leonie was here only for the evening, and da Cossa, shifting his aim for a bit, began to ask, how was Rome? She dodged his questions as well as she could until Charlotte, looking irritated for once in her life, headed him off.

For the first time I looked at Charles Sanbergh. He was dressed as usual like *Harper's* idea of what the well-found man should wear on a Riviera holiday, and he could just as easily have been either to a murder or to a mass for all you could tell from his face.

I looked back at Leonie. Well, you

It's The Custom . . . in WHITBY

The Penny Hedge. Tradition says it was first built as a penance

The punishment for killing a monk

AFTER they had seen the state of the tide in the harbour during the planting of the Penny Hedge on Ascension Eve last year, the people of Whitby consulted their prayer books, and decided that Easter had been celebrated a week early.

They reasoned like this: the tide depends upon the phases of the moon; so does the date of Easter (which dictates when Ascension Day will fall). The tide in the harbour is always low when the hedge is planted; but last year it broke this rule—it was coming in. Something had gone wrong.

The Prayer Book, claim the people of Whitby, shows where the mistake had been made. There it is stated that, if the full moon falls on a Sunday, Easter shall be celebrated a week later. But Easter Day, 1954, was April 18, the day of the full moon! "It should have been Sunday, April 25," says seventy-six year old Christopher Pulman, who takes part in the planting ceremony.

[In fact, Easter depends not on the real moon, but on a hypothetical "calendar" moon.]

At nine o'clock in the morning of the day before Ascension Day (which this year is May 19), a member of the Hutton family comes to Abraham's Bosom—a muddy part of the harbour left dry at low water. He takes with him a number of hazel sticks—nine thick, nine pliable "yedders," and four to serve as supporters.

The thick sticks are driven into the mud in a row with eight inches between each of them, and the "yedders" are interlaced horizontally. The supporters are planted two at each end. It takes twenty minutes to plant the hedge. When it is finished, Christopher Pulman blows three blasts on a horn, and shouts three times, "Out on ye!"

Pulman is the bailiff to the Manor of Fyling. It is a tradition that if the hedge is not planted, or if it collapses before three tides have run, some of the Hutton lands will revert to this Manor.

"It was a near thing last year," says Farmer John Hutton, of Hawsker, near Whitby. "The tide was coming in fast when I began. By the time I finished, the water was almost up to my knees."

The duty of planting the Penny Hedge (also called the Horngarth Service) is said to have been laid as a penance upon some gentlemen hunters who fatally stabbed a monk near Whitby in 1159. Before he died, the monk forgave the hunters on condition that they planted the hedge every year. If they failed to do this, their lands would be forfeit to the Abbey.

All the families concerned bought their way out of this duty except one. This family has been succeeded in title by the Huttons, as the Manor of Fyling has succeeded to the rights of the Abbey.

There is another—less colourful—theory. Some historians claim that the Hedge is a survival from the days when the local landowners had to repair, annually, the garth or stockyard into which deer and hunted animals were driven for slaughter.

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can't be an artist, even a rotten one, without a feeling for beauty, and that can be aesthetic even when it's beauty in a woman. It's only when you are in love with her that the definitions really come apart.

I said suddenly, sharply to Leonie: "Where is Martin?"

She hadn't looked at me before at all, but now her eyes came swiftly up.

I said: "Didn't he come with you?"

"Did you expect him to?"

"Well, yes."

I don't know what it was in those few words, but they stopped everybody talking as if we had threatened them with a gun.

"Leonie phoned me," Charles said pacifically. "I borrowed Signor Castiglioni's speed boat and fetched her."

"You—fetched her from Poltano?"

"Yes. She wanted to collect her things."

"Oh. . . ."

After a definite pause somebody decided to begin talking again and the meal went on. I don't remember what I ate or if I ate.

"Why didn't you bring Martin back as well?" I said to Charles about three minutes later.

"He has a cracked rib. He will have to be strapped up for a few days."

My neighbour at the table, Jane Pollinger, said: "Is that your friend Martin Coxon? Has he had an accident? I hadn't heard."

"It's nothing," said Sanbergh, still smoothing over.

Another course got itself put in front of me. Leonie looked at me again and this time didn't look away. We stared at each other. My pulses were fairly thumping.

I said: "I wish you'd told me earlier."

"What?"

"That he was your . . ."

"What good would it have done?"

"I wouldn't have had the hope."

She flushed.

I said: "You don't know how bitterly I've regretted ever having brought him back into your life."

"It was for the best."

"Well, it was inevitable, I suppose—sooner or later—if you feel like that. Are you rejoining him tonight?"

"Yes. . . ."

"I see. . . . What do you intend to do?"

"It rather depends on you."

"On me? Why?"

"Well, you told him, didn't you, that so long as you were alive . . ."

"Oh, God, let him do what he pleases. I'm sick of revenge."

"I'm—so glad to know that."

I SAID: "This afternoon I was too far gone to listen to reason. You were right to try and stop me, but I just didn't *hear* what you said. . . . Of course it was wrong from the beginning to take the law into my own hands . . . but especially against the man that you love. . . ."

She said in a queer voice: "Oh, Philip, I wish you could see. . . ." She stopped.

"Go on."

"No."

"Darlings," said Charlotte Weber, "don't you think the conversation is getting a little starko. Not that one minds, but. . . . Dear Mr. Williams, tell me about your Paris show. I've only read a solitary account. . . ."

The boy waiter had bent to take the unfinished plate from in front of Leonie. I could see her struggling to say something and at the same time to say no more. It was on her lips and in her eyes.

"I know you *blame* me," she said, "for my loyalty to him——"

"No, no, not just that——"

"But those first days. . . . I wish you could understand all I felt when you wanted me to tell you what I knew. It wasn't *just* because he was my husband or because I still cared something. When he first came—the first chance—that was in the garden during the party—he told me everything about Holland. Don't think I was charmed. I wasn't. But what astonished me was that he was genuine—not sham. In Amsterdam I left him for good, I thought, just because . . . but here he has been different. I've never seen him like it. When Grevil killed himself he didn't only destroy himself. And if you marry someone you don't just marry their virtues—you take it all."

The Italian boy was holding out some dish for me.

Leonie said: "I'm not defending him. Usually he doesn't care about other people; but this time it is the biter bit. I think that Martin even welcomed being with you because of the odd resemblances you had to Grevil—he was seeking something in you that he'd lost."

"Darling," said Jane, "did you say you were somebody's wife? Are you married again? Or is this the separation?"

Leonie drew in a breath, glanced at Charlotte. "Forgive me," she said, her voice cracking. "I think I . . ."

She screeched her chair back, moved swiftly to the door and went out.

THERE was another silence. Then the woman with the hat said: "I adore quarrels in other people's houses. One has the vicarious excitement with no anxiety about one's crockery——"

"Would you excuse me, please," I said to Charlotte.

"Philip, I don't think——"

"I'm *sorry*. . . ." I went to the door, nearly upsetting Berto who got in my way.

But when I went out, the hall was empty. That minute or so had been too long. She had probably gone up to her bedroom, but I thought: what right have I to follow and thump at her door? Then I fancied I heard a sound in the big living-room and went sharply in. But the room was empty. As I came out I nearly cannoned into Sanbergh.

He said: "Hold hard. Let us take this a little more slowly. Measured in hours, life is quite long."

I was persuaded back reluctantly into the living-room. He switched on some more lights and offered me a cigarette. I took the thing unsteadily, stared at it, my hand shaking. "Don't spoil your dinner, Charles."

He smiled. "Why not go back and finish your own meal while I try to persuade her to do the same."

I shook my head. "Thanks, but I've really—had enough."

"In more ways than one, perhaps." He lit his own cigarette, holding it carefully in manicured fingers. "I have a message for you somewhere—from your friend Coxon."

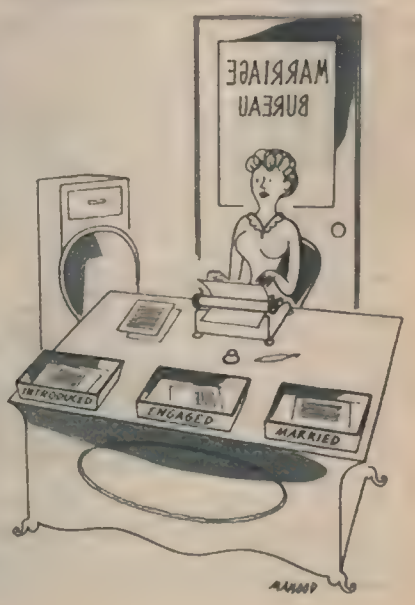
"A message? For me? You saw him?"

"Yes. In the flat. We had—quite a long talk. He said I was to give it to you."

I stared at the bit of crumpled paper he had handed me. Something was scrawled on it in pencil. "*Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis est. Maxima est enim factae injuriae poena, fecisse.*"

"My Latin's not good enough. . . ."

Sanbergh took the paper back: "It



"Don't they ever pass through good phases?"

says . . . Well, it says: 'Why does no one confess his sins? Because he is still in them. For the greatest penalty for having done an injury is the fact of having done it.' "

The paper was handed back to me. I folded it once or twice. I said wryly: "It's a bad mistake to underestimate the enemy, isn't it?"

"Or to overestimate him."

"What do you mean?"

"That I think you would be unwise to exaggerate his influence. You haven't lit your cigarette."

I went to the mantelpiece, leaned heavily on it. "I don't think I quite understand you again, Charles. I don't know how much you and Charlotte know about this, how far you have tried to—to help or to hinder. . . ."

"Not to hinder, certainly."

"So it was a private arrangement of Leonie's that Martin should join her in Poltano? Neither you nor Charlotte knew anything of that?"

"There was no arrangement of any sort. Leonie told me that tonight. On a number of points she was—quite explicit. Only on a few has she left me to form my own conclusions."

"But there must have been some arrangement between them. Martin spent all yesterday with her."

"Not by her choice. Apparently Da Cossa told Coxon where she was. He read the address on a letter Charlotte was forwarding and told Martin."

I stared at Sanbergh, trying to digest this thing. I felt thunderstruck. "But I naturally thought it meant she had gone back to him. Why otherwise did she go up there?"

"I gather it was her way of trying to get a perspective on things."

"A perspective?"

He screwed out his cigarette and watched the last spiral of smoke. "Does that surprise you?" he asked.

After a minute I said: "I got it all wrong—and her. . . . I very much wish—but in the end it was the same thing. She's definitely made her choice."

"That was a matter she refused to discuss with me——"

A surprised glance in his eyes made me turn and I heard a movement on the veranda. I ran to the open doors and saw her at the end of the veranda, moving to go down into the garden.

I overtook her at about the fourth step.

"Leonie. . . ."

She stopped defensively with her back against the balustrade. We were still in the light cast from the windows but out of earshot.

She said: "Philip, I never expected to meet you tonight! It wasn't *fair* of Charles to bring you here! If I'd known he was going to do that, I should never have come."

"That may be. I'm sorry. But I think I've got to talk to you now."

"Haven't we done enough to each other today?"

"Hurt, yes. But must that be the way it ends?"

She didn't answer. She looked angry, queer, frightened.

I said: "D'you understand the mistake I made? I thought you'd gone to Poltano simply to rejoin Martin. I thought you'd left me without a word as soon as my back was turned, gone up there to get out of the way until Martin could tie up the ends here and join you."

She turned away and said, "I thought you felt. . . . But it doesn't matter. It makes no difference, does it?"

I said: "It does to me. I love you and want you as I've not wanted anyone before. For me there's not ever been anything like this. . . . But that doesn't mean I want you to make the wrong choice. If you feel about him as you seem to, then don't be put off by anything I say, because nothing else makes sense as much as that."

Somebody passed in front of the light from the windows. It was Sanbergh moving in the room above.

I said: "But don't go back to Martin because you're sorry for him and think you can help him. And don't go back to him because you're married to him and think you must hold up your end of the bargain. It isn't enough, Leonie. That isn't enough. That way in the end you'd only do hurt to yourself. . . ."

There was a pause. I watched her breathing, which was being about as difficult as my own.

I said: "Do you love him?"

She passed her tongue over her lips. "I've made my choice."

"Leonie," I said. "Don't keep running away. Look at me."

She looked at me then. "Philip, I'm not running away. But I can't let him down. In many ways, I know, he's bad—but there's so much that could be good, too. Grevil knew that. And just now Martin is—damaged, without direction, the way *I* was when I first met him. Even women play

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fair sometimes. Even I don't desert a sinking ship. . . ."

"Do you love him?" I said.

She opened her eyes wide at me. "No!" she said in anger. "Not properly, not absolutely, not in the way you mean."

Something got into my throat. "Leonie——"

"But that doesn't mean that I'm —that I'm heart whole or free of him. I care what becomes of him! That's one of the—penalties and privileges of knowing him. Most people feel it. Much more so for me—being his wife. If I left him now, there would be ghosts always that couldn't be laid. My only chance is to go back to him now—and let it work itself out. . . ."

There was a creak on the veranda and Charles Sanbergh came slowly down two steps.

"Forgive me," he said, "it is ill-mannered for an outsider to interfere, but I am interested in what you have decided."

I said: "I'm going back with Leonie tonight, to see Martin."

"Philip——"

"Oh, there won't be any more fighting. That's over, spent——"

"Don't be a fool," said Sanbergh.

I looked at him.

"If I were in your position," he said, "I should take Leonie on the first plane back to England—if she would come." He raised an eyebrow. "I should take her perhaps even if she would not come."

Leonie said: "No, Charles, it's *impossible*. I've been explaining to Philip——"

"If you both go back to Poltano, Martin will win the battle of loyalty, as it is in his nature to do. Oh, I don't blame him for fighting—who wouldn't? I don't blame him for acting according to his nature, which is not bad, not good, but egocentric and one-purposed. Your brother, my dear Philip, from what I gather, cracked that egoism wide open—laid him bare as he has never been before.

"If one were to use old-fashioned terms, one might say that Martin Coxon is ripe for salvation—I mean in a general, not in a religious sense—which he can only find on his own and in his own way. Whether he will find it remains very much to be seen—but to go with him now, Leonie, to comfort him and companion him, will very probably undo all that Grevil Turner intended to accomplish. Go with Philip, where you belong."

LEONIE was trembling. "I've *promised*," she said. "I promised to return tonight. Nothing will change that."

"I heard you," said Sanbergh. "I'll go in your place—tell him what's happened. I have a broad back. Take her to England, Philip."

"*No*," she said.

"Yes!" I said passionately. "Charles is right, Leonie. Even if you don't care so much for me personally, come back with me as far as your home. Start afresh—on your own. That's what you decided in Amsterdam and that is right."

She lowered her head. "It was right for then," she said. "It—it may be right some time in the future. But——"

I said: "Leonie, it's right for now. Will you come?"

She didn't answer.

I said: "Can you give me one thing . . . ?"

She looked at me then.

I said: "Not loyalty, not friendship, not sympathy . . . but some part of your love."

She said, in a low voice: "It's so much the largest part of my love."

Sanbergh made an expressive gesture. "What time shall I get you the boat?"

"But I can't go with Philip!" she said. "Neither of you seems to understand! If I let Martin down now, I let myself down as well; and that's not the way to—start afresh. If I'm lucky enough to come to you, Philip, it must be with a clean slate."

SANBERGH said: "Let me put it this way, Leonie. I did not know Grevil Turner; but I think that whatever the outcome so far as Martin is concerned he made a bad mistake. You are in danger of doing exactly the same."

"What do you mean?"

"Grevil Turner, it seems to me, allowed his principles to get out of hand, his judgment to get pulled out of shape. Much as the orbit of a planet is disturbed by a powerful foreign body. If you go back to Martin, for the reasons you have, you'll be doing the same thing, and doing it *because of the same man*. People, I believe, have been doing it with Martin all his life. This is the moment to stop."

There was a long silence. Then I could tell there was some sort of slow give-way within her. Charles had said something that she knew from her greater knowledge of Martin to be irrefutable.

I said: "Leonie, after what you've just told me—there isn't any argument left."

"I shouldn't have said it, but you——"

"Don't take it back now."

She said: "There's nothing I want to take back."

I stared at Sanbergh. "One day," I said, "I hope I shall be able to repay you and Charlotte somehow for the help you have given us tonight."

I think he lifted an eyebrow. "Friendship is not a repayment for something. One does not need repayment for an attitude of mind."

Leonie said: "Charles . . ." and stopped. It was still a protest, but it was becoming a defeated one.

Sanbergh turned to go. "You know, Philip, fidelity of heart is an unusual thing to possess these days—and it can be a little dangerous. For both of you I think it has been dangerous. Perhaps if you practise it towards each other you will find it brings a more excellent return."

He left us then and went back to the house, to rejoin the company and with a smile or a nod or an understood glance to satisfy Charlotte.

THE END

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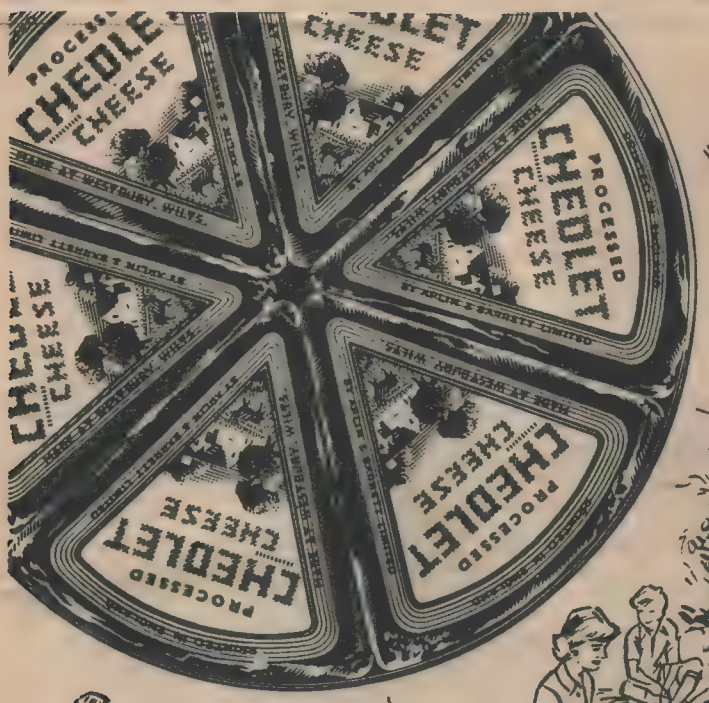

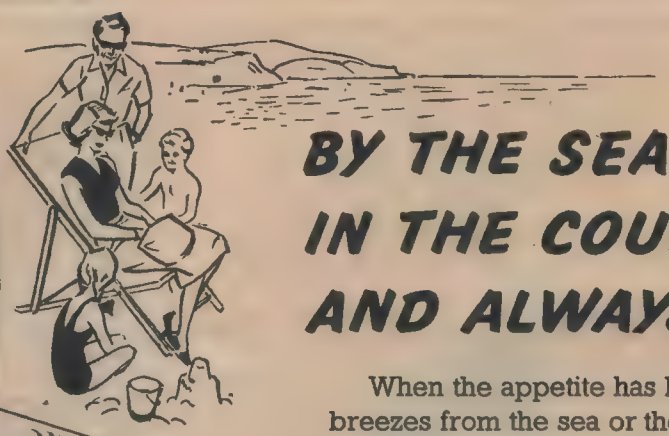

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SIR MILES THOMAS PILOTS BOAC OUT OF THE RED

Continued from page 23

says, "is to say what you mean and remember what you've said." He has a sharp memory, and his feats of recollection sometimes disturb those who work close to him.

Occasionally he gives the impression that he works only in office hours—"most work done after six at night is bad because your mind is tired and judgment deteriorates"—but he keeps a dictaphone at home and frequently works on Sundays. He gets many of his ideas in his bath. It was there that he thought up the names Majestic and Coronet for B.O.A.C.'s first-class and tourist services to America. In fact, he spends most of his waking hours thinking about his job, and Lady Thomas long ago gave up trying to reform him. "He's made that way," she says, "and I didn't want to turn into a nagging wife."

Thomas's ambitions and his enthusiasm for cars and aeroplanes showed up early in life. The son of a merchant, who died when Miles was a year old, he was intended by his widowed mother for the Church, but chose instead an engineering apprenticeship. In the first World War he fought in East Africa with an armoured car squadron and later flew "stick and string" types of aircraft with the Royal Flying Corps. He won a D.F.C. for air combat and ground strafing.

Memory Saved Him

At the end of the war he was offered a peacetime commission, but became a journalist and joined *The Motor*. He knew no shorthand and relied on his memory. When a story he had written about a Paris exhibition was lost in the post, he returned to London and typed a replica from memory.

At about this time, he began calling on a Midlands manufacturer—William Morris, later Lord Nuffield. After one visit, Morris confided to his secretary, a tall brunette named Hylda Church, that he would one day have Thomas on his staff. "He was quite determined about it," says the former secretary, who is now Lady Thomas.

It was some months later, in 1923, that Thomas turned up for a press conference at which Morris was describing the technicalities of his latest models to launch an extended production programme. Thomas was the only journalist present who took no notes.

"Lord Nuffield seemed extremely concerned about it," he says now. "He offered to give me further explanations." From memory, however, Thomas wrote a story that was accurate even to minute dimensions and gear ratios. Impressed, Morris sent for him and appointed him sales promotion manager of the firm. By 1937, Thomas was head of the Wolseley subsidiary and, three years later, became managing director of the whole Nuffield empire. He directed the firm into munitions production, and in 1941 was in charge of the manufacture of Cruiser tanks. He was knighted in 1943.

Call From Minister

As head of Nuffield's, Thomas was earning more than £10,000 a year when, in 1947, he was invited by Sir Godfrey Huggins, prime minister of Southern Rhodesia, to make an economic survey of his country. He was finding the motor industry too settled—"it was running itself very well"—and took the job. Then, one afternoon in 1948, he was invited to meet Lord Nathan, at that time Minister of Civil Aviation.

In front of a blazing fire in a room at the House of Lords, Nathan came quickly to the point. He was offering Thomas the job of deputy chairman of B.O.A.C. with the prospect of the chairmanship to come. Thomas wanted time to think it over, but Nathan was in a hurry, and gave him twenty-four hours. The salary—£3,500 a year—was less than half what Thomas had been getting in private industry. "But with income tax at the level it had reached, that seemed to make little difference." Next morning, well within the time limit, he accepted.

Even as Thomas began to familiarize himself with B.O.A.C., old hands recall, there were signs of sweeping change. When he became chairman, he summoned heads of departments individually and went over their staff lists.

"The outstanding question I remember him asking," says one, "was, 'Is he essential?'" Of those eighty-four dismissed executives, Thomas says: "I reasoned with them. I realized it was no good beating the table and playing the hard-faced business man."

As the staff thinned out, Thomas began spreading the idea that B.O.A.C. was in competitive business, and that this was not such a bad thing, either.

Watch On The Comet

At the same time, he was pushing for his new fleet and also keeping an eye on a project at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, where a new airliner was in gestation—the Comet. He called there often.

By now, he was spending so much time in London that he was getting home to his old Cotswold manor house at Adderbury, near Banbury, only at weekends, and sometimes not even then.

Reluctantly, the Thomases moved. They took their present house on the edge of Wentworth golf course, in Surrey. It has a galleried hall, a staff cottage and a chicken house where they rear 650 hens on the battery system. They entertain little, and Thomas attends cocktail parties only out of a sense of duty—"this modern habit of meeting people on the hoof deadens all the finer sensibilities."

He has few recreations, and even during card games his mind wanders back to work. In the Caribbean, once, he was playing Canasta with friends when it occurred to him that, by re-routeing a flight he could ensure a better connection with another international airline. "I played the wrong cards and lost moderately," he says. At weekends he invariably has breakfast in bed, and in the shooting season spends some Saturdays out with a gun. He enjoys television and likes the Crazy Gang.

His over-riding enthusiasm, however, is still for flying and aircraft development. He can be schoolboyish about this, but describes himself cautiously as a "two-stage visionary" thinking in terms of immediate practicabilities and long-term advances.

Air Travel With TV

"It will take some years before we have civil aircraft flying beyond the speed of sound or doing other than land on wheels on prepared runways. But there are practical reasons to assume that in the next decade aeroplanes will be built which can ascend almost vertically and travel very fast at very high altitudes.

"It may mean flying without windows, with the cloud panorama and the view of the earth relayed by television cameras on to screens inside the aircraft. Whether this will be acceptable to the travelling public remains to be seen."

Thomas had a chance to share his enthusiasm for aeroplanes with a six-year-old boy when Princess Margaret returned from her Caribbean tour in the Stratocruiser Canopus. The Royal party was leaving when Prince Charles asked Thomas if he might go back and look at an aerial hanging from the aircraft.

"He quickly clambered inside Canopus," says Thomas, "and Princess Anne followed. I went up and found them in the cockpit." Thomas was subjected to more questions, and was becoming concerned about the delay—the Queen and the Royal party were now well ahead. Then the Duke of Edinburgh returned and said they should lose no time in catching up.

Thomas admits it was an awkward situation, but he betrayed no qualms when he stepped down. His cool front suggested that the incident was all part of the arrangements. Everything was under control, and so was Sir Miles Thomas.

THE END

"*Must* you talk to me while I'm shaving?"

THE DEVIL'S LAND

Continued from page 15

stomach knotted into a hard ball. He heard Marie breathing sharply and unevenly beside him.

There were heavy dragging footsteps on the *stoep*, and the door creaked and opened. Retief, dust-stained and dishevelled, stood in the doorway. His deep-set eyes fell on Marie, then moved unbelievingly to Lategan. For a second they were blank, stunned.

"Lategan!" he said. "Lategan! How did you get out?"

Lategan licked dry lips. "It was not such a good plan, Retief."

Retief blinked. He seemed to sway. But his mind was working. He gazed at Marie, and then back to Lategan. "What do you mean—my plan?"

"Why did you try to kill John?" Marie broke in. "What harm has he ever done you?"

Retief's eyes opened wide. "What harm?" he said. "You should know about that. But I was a fool. I should have shot him and made certain!"

Her voice was steady now. "Whatever happens, I can't live with you any longer, not after this. You realize that, don't you?"

Retief shifted his gaze back to Lategan. "How did you get out?" he repeated.

Lategan told him. Retief's lips drew back. "An impala! The one I wounded. . . ."

He jerked round as the police officer came into the room. Van Reenan had his gun in his hand, covering Retief. "All right, Retief," he said. "I've heard enough. Stay where you are. I'm arresting you for attempted murder."

Retief's mouth had dropped open. He stared at the gun, at the officer, at Marie.

The superintendent said: "If you would get a few things together for him, *mevrou*. . . ."

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Marie made the mistake of walking in front of the officer and unsighting him. Only for a second, but Retief moved as fast as a striking leopard. He leaped to his desk, tore open a drawer and snatched a revolver from it. His hand came up and he fired in the same movement.

Two reports crashed out together, but Van Reenan staggered back, clutching his shoulder. His gun dropped to the floor. Retief swung round on Lategan, his eyes exultant and deadly.

But Lategan had the brass ornament in his hand. He flung it at Retief's face and hurled himself after it. Retief fired again, and a bullet whined eerily from the brick fireplace. Lategan drove a fist into Retief's stomach and clutched the revolver with his other hand. The two men fell to the floor and rolled over, struggling desperately.

Lategan's strength was draining out of him. He felt light-headed, delirious. The revolver swung towards him. Marie screamed, but it sounded a million miles away. He threw everything into one last desperate effort and twisted the revolver away from him. There was a sudden explosion and acrid smoke filled his pumping lungs. Retief sagged like a rag doll under him and lay motionless.

Coughing for breath, Lategan rolled clear. The white-faced officer, revolver in his left hand, stepped over him to examine Retief.

As he rose, he caught the dazed question in Lategan's eyes. He gave a nod, one of finality. "He is dead, but you are not to blame. It was an accident; it happened in self-defence. . . ."

Now that it was all over, exhaustion hit Lategan like a loaded sandbag. It took the officer and Marie to get him into a chair. He slumped into it, fighting off the sleep that was weighting his eyelids. He fought it off because Marie was leaning over him. Marie, whom he had still not told. . . .

He'd got to tell her before he slept. He groped for her hand and pulled her down to him, whispering hoarsely. She listened to him, and warmth kindled behind the shocked, frozen pallor of her face. "Oh, my dear, I know," she whispered back. "I love you. But you must sleep now. . . ."

He was asleep a few seconds later, soothed by the reassurance of her hand in his.

THE END

TWO AGAINST THE KREMLIN

Continued from page 11

the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and see Molotov."

In my time in Russia, I saw Molotov and many other of the sinister figures of the Soviet régime. I talked and drank with them, laughed with them and sometimes argued with them, but it wasn't at this critical period of my stay in Russia.

The interpreter shook her head. "If you will let me give you some advice," she cautioned, "don't try to see Molotov, or anyone else from the Kremlin."

"Why not?"

"If the police have her, your inquiries will only hurt her. Just wait and see what will happen. There is really nothing you can do."

We didn't have to wait long for developments.

That same night Tamara returned to her mother's flat and then she came to see me. She clutched a piece of paper in her hand and she looked very frightened. She told me her story—despite stern warnings from the secret police not to tell me.

She had been picked up by them at the market and they had been talking to her all day. Telling her how she was wasting her time with a foreigner. How I didn't love her and how unpatriotic it was for a Soviet citizen to be in love with a foreigner.

At last she unclasped her hand and showed me the paper that they had given her. It was an official document, signed and sealed with the all-important round Soviet seal. It gave her "permission" (I shall always remember the "permission" part of it) to establish residence in a certain section of what I found on the map to be western Siberia.

She had forty-eight hours in which to leave Moscow. What could I do? She said that there was absolutely nothing that I could do.

But I was determined to try something, and before many hours had passed, Tamara and I agreed that, if she really had to leave Moscow, western Siberia, or any part of Siberia, was out of the question.

I say we agreed on this. That is not strictly correct. Tamara said stoically that millions of Russians had been sent to Siberia before this and she supposed that millions of them would be sent there in the future, and that it didn't particularly matter. She was despondent, tired and utterly dejected.

I talked to her mother and learned that they had relatives in a village near

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Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

IAN was baptized a few weeks after he was born; when he was six months old, his father died, and two years later Ian's mother, Mrs. Young, married Mr. Small; Ian, too, became known by his stepfather's name.

He was brought up as Ian Small and was not aware that his real name was Young until his mother told him on his eighteenth birthday; everyone called him Ian Small and that was the name by which he was generally known.

When he was twenty-two, Ian fell in love with Mary, and they decided to get married. He told her about his two names and when they went to see the vicar to have the banns published, they told him, too.

The vicar decided that Ian should publish the banns in the name of Small. "If the banns are called and refer to you as Ian Young, that may well mislead the public. Everyone in the district knows you as Ian Small, and that should be the name used for the banns," said the vicar. His advice was followed and the wedding took place.

The marriage did not work out well, and some time later Mary petitioned for a decree of nullity of marriage.

"A marriage when banns are used is null and void if any person 'knowingly and wilfully' marries without 'due publication' of the banns," Mary told the judge. "People about to marry must give their 'true names' to the parson for the purpose of publishing the banns.

"These banns were not published in Ian's true name—they described him as Ian Small, which is incorrect. Therefore there was no 'due publication' of the banns, and our marriage is null and void."

"I disagree," replied Ian. "My intention was to be quite open, and if I had caused the banns to refer to Ian Young, I might have given people entirely the wrong impression. There was no dishonesty in my using the name Ian Small, by which people know me."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 42

Ryazan, which was about 130 miles south-east of Moscow. We decided that if she did have to leave the city—and everyone seemed convinced that there was no way to prevent it—the situation would be better if she could live near her relatives than go to some corner of Siberia where she would know no one.

The thought of a young girl, trained since she was a child to be a dancer, at hard labour in Siberia was an enormity.

Her mother wrote a letter to the authorities explaining all this, and it worked. She was given another paper. Again she had "permission" to establish her home somewhere other than in the Soviet capital and this time it was in the village near Ryazan.

I have seen this sort of thing happen again and again. A man or a woman is arrested for some political offence (often on nothing more than mere suspicion) and given a sentence of, say, ten years.

Then, after special pleading, the sentence is reduced to eight years. Everyone concerned is thankful to the officials for lightening the punishment. Thankful—instead of burning with resentment at the unfairness of the original charge and sentence.

Tamara, her mother and sister thought a great favour had been granted them. They gave some official credit for having a heart. The system, they argued, was human.

I was deeply saddened, angry over the whole senseless business and terribly put out that this much-injured family was now actually speaking with appreciation of what the government had done instead of sizzling with wrath.

The Russian mind does not operate in the same way as ours.

The next few hours that Tamara and I were together were among the most terrible of my life. I realized very clearly that I was responsible for her banishment.

I told Tamara that I wanted to marry her.

"You would do that?"

"Nothing would make me happier."

"But it's impossible. We shall never see one another again. I am going away and they will never let me come back to you."

I asked her to believe me when I said she would not only return to Moscow, but that I would fix things up so that we could get married.

"But how?"

"I don't know, Tomka, but somehow."

"Hoaney," she replied (she has always called me Hoaney except when angry), "poor Hoaney, you look so sad."

I determined then and there to do something about this situation, even if it meant breaking into the Kremlin to do it. And it almost came to that.

Those brief hours we had together were sad little affairs indeed.

We walked to the Crimean Bridge and looked down on the Moscow River. We rode out to the beautiful Lenin Hills, towering above the ancient nunnery of the New Maidens.

I was completely frustrated at not being able to do anything to help Tamara.

Everything that I suggested, she and her family, and friends of mine who had been in Russia for a long time, rejected. They repeated those words I had heard before—that it would only make her case worse.

Deadline Was Near

Finally it was time for her to go.

I shall skip over the trouble we had trying to buy her a railway ticket in order to comply with the official instructions that she must be out of the city by such and such an hour on such and such a day. I shall only say that neither she nor any members of her family were able to purchase a ticket on any train.

Buses were not running and there was no such thing as a taxi in Moscow, those days. The priority for railway tickets was great, and although we offered three times the established price for one, we could not buy it.

Meantime her hours were running out.

The commander at the police station in the district in which Tamara lived was given the job of seeing that she left the capital as ordered. She asked him for advice. What should she do when there was no railway ticket to be had? We feared that if she didn't get out of Moscow by the specified time, the authorities would change their minds and make it Siberia again.

"I have no interest in how you leave," he snapped.

"But, please," she asked, "what do I do now? How can I leave when I can buy no ticket? Please, I beg you to help me."

He looked at her coldly. "You can walk, can't you?" he asked.

"For more than two hundred kilometres?"

"That is no business of mine. Goodbye. Please go. I am busy."

We finally got her out in a broken-down car, fuelled with borrowed petrol and driven by the office chauffeur.

Saying farewell was a terribly difficult thing.

"Goodbye, my darling," I finally managed to say as we stood in the doorway.

She was a forlorn-looking little thing in a thin coat, high-heeled shoes, a pair of my gloves and a little blue beret.

"Never say goodbye, Hoaney, just say so long," she said through her tears. "We will meet again. You keep warm in the winter."

My Life Rolled Away

Turning quickly, she jumped into our old car. Her sister was making the trip with her. Zina said that if she could get out into the country, she would be able to buy some badly needed potatoes for the family. Potatoes, along with every other article of food, were scarce in Moscow.

The chauffeur started the engine and what seemed to be my life rolled away down the cobblestoned street.

The driver, whose name was Pavel, returned the next night. He wouldn't talk much. He said he had delivered Tamara to her relatives and that she was well, but sad, and that Zina had bought her potatoes.

Three nights later my telephone

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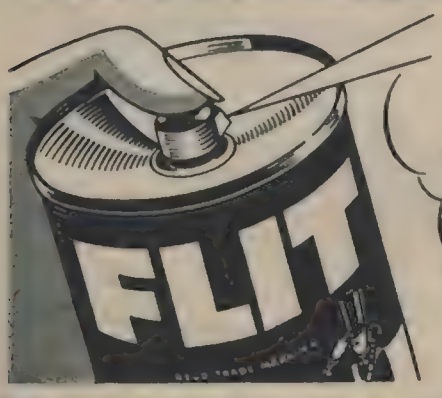

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rang. It was Tamara. We didn't say much, but we said it for a long time. She told me that life wasn't bad down in the village. That her relatives were kind to her and that the money I had given her was plenty.

"What are you doing? What sort of work have the authorities given you?"

"Working in the fields with the other women," she replied, "and don't feel sorry for me, because that's what all the women in Russia are doing."

I learned later that she had walked eighteen miles—nine miles each way—to make that telephone call.

Four weeks dragged by. I decided to go to see her and take her some more clothes and food. I was sure that she needed them.

This time I got the necessary petrol by trading cigarettes and soap and two tins of bully beef that I had purchased in Persia.

Bluffed My Way Out

It wasn't easy for a foreigner, or a Russian for that matter, to get out of Moscow, for military road blocks were placed all round the city. The Germans were still less than a hundred miles away. Spring had come and I decided to bluff my way out—as a fisherman.

With borrowed rods and reels I set off with Pavel at the wheel. I would have driven, of course, but I was not allowed to drive in Russia. For almost twelve years I tried to get a licence and I failed the test every time I took it. And I have been driving since I was fourteen.

"What is the name of the shutter in a car's carburettor?" the uniformed inspector asked me at one test. The examination was being conducted in Russian.

"I don't even know its name in English," I said, "but I can take a carburettor apart and put it back again."

"Ah ha," he fairly shouted, "you have failed. Go back and study some more, Gospodin (Mister)."

They just didn't want me to be able to drive on my own. It would have been more difficult to keep up with me, to know where I went and whom I saw.

Pavel and I got through all the road blocks by using my correspondent's card, American passport, smiles, persuasion and the fishing gear.

At last we reached the village. Being with Tamara again was wonderful. Then came the time I had been dreading—saying another goodbye.

She stood there, clutching my coat, tears in her eyes and saying over and over again: "Hoaney, I luv you."

Held Tamara Again

I looked back as our car bumped down the ruts of a country road. Tamara was running after the car. Running and falling down in the spring mud and getting up and running and falling down again.

"Stop the car," I shouted to Pavel, and got out and held her again.

"Tomka," I said, "I think I'm going back to America to try to get things straightened out from there. Just believe in me. I'll come back."

"I beleef you. Mebbe you cum back some day. I know you, Hoaney. I know you will try."

"Smile," I asked.

She managed a small one, and we parted once more.

Back in Moscow, I laid plans to get home. Making them come true wasn't easy. But luck came my way. Joseph E. Davies, a former American ambassador to Moscow, had arrived in a special plane bearing a letter from President Roosevelt to Joseph Stalin. When he had delivered it, he was ready to return to the United States.

"May I go along?" I asked.

"On one condition," said Davies. "We are travelling by a secret route. You must promise not to write about it until after the war."

I promised.

We flew eastwards from Moscow, across the width of Siberia, over the Bering Strait and into Nome, Alaska. We were among the very few foreigners ever to have made that trip, and we saw a great deal of Siberia as we flew over it. From Alaska we went to Spokane and across the American continent to Washington, D.C.

Then I took a train to New York to see my old friend Wendell Willkie.

I told him the whole story of Tamara.

"What can I do to help?"

"You could take it up with Stalin," I suggested. "You know him."

"Of course I can. What do you want me to say?"

I said I thought that he should send Stalin a cablegram.

"Write out what you want me to tell him," Willkie said, "and I'll be glad to send it."

I asked him to give me a day to think it over. We talked about Russia and the world in general. I liked this man tremendously and I liked being with him. He was a man of immense charm and he told me how humble he became when he realized how many millions of Americans voted for him to be President of the United States in his race in 1940 against Roosevelt.

He said that he would never forget those people. I for one shall never forget Wendell Willkie.

That night I posted him a draft of the cable that I hoped he would send to Stalin. The cable, I believed, might persuade the old dictator to return Tamara to Moscow.

I flew down to Washington and accepted a kind invitation to address the National Press Club. Just before I left my Washington hotel, I received a telephone call from Willkie. "I have had a reply from Stalin," he said.

I hung on to every word.

And then he read it. Stalin said that he was "making an exception because of your personal vouching, and your request will be complied with."

Greatest Love Story

Three days later I had a cablegram from Moscow: I BACK HOME WITH MAMA STOP I LOVE YOU STOP I WAIT FOR YOU STOP HURRY UP HONEY YOUR TAMARA.

Quite naturally I told a few friends about what had happened. Someone telephoned me to check some details. The following morning I had a telephone call from Kent Cooper, the general manager of the news agency for which I worked.

He congratulated me on the good news and then his voice grew stern.

"You're a hell of an AP [Associated Press] man," he said. "You've let us get scooped on your own story. The greatest love story of the war."

"Scooped?" I gasped.

"Yes, scooped. You and Tamara are all over the front page of the *New York Times*."

I went out and got a copy of the paper. He was right. And I believe that's the only time I really let my agency down on a story.

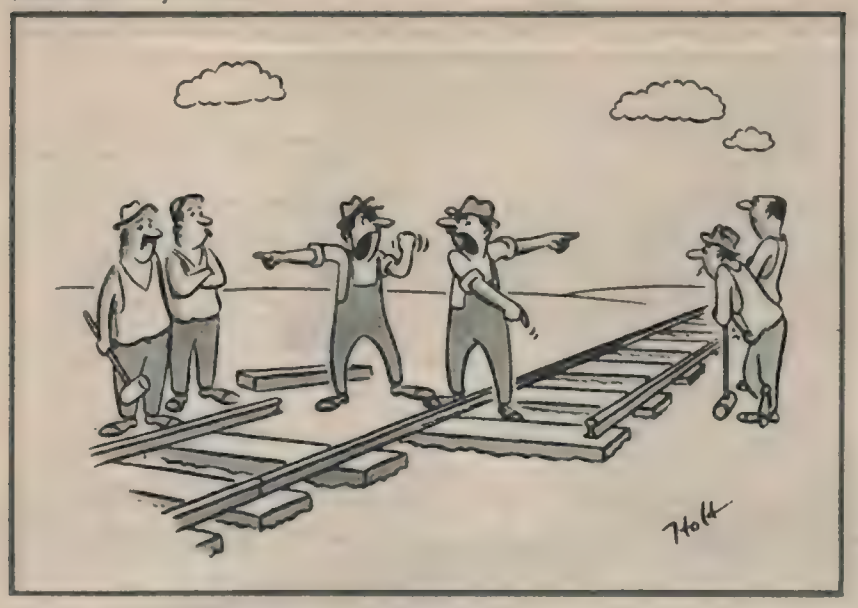
Now to get back to Russia. Persia was the only open door, and there were two ways to reach that country from the United States—by plane, or by military sea transport to Egypt and then by army plane. I chose the latter route.

My ship was named the David F. Houston and it turned out to be carrying ammunition.

"There'll be no lifeboat drills in this ship," said the captain, "because there's no point in holding them. If anything hits this tub, you needn't bother about lifeboats. The cargo of

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 41, the judge said that although Ian's proper surname was Young, he had adopted the name Small to such an extent that it replaced his original name and became his "true name." Also, his intention in the publication of the banns was to be as honest as possible and to avoid any chance of fraud or concealment; both Mary and the vicar knew the whole facts at the time. There had been "due publication" of the banns, and Mary lost her case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



explosives will get us off. Right straight in the air."

But our ship made it. We lost nine vessels of our convoy in the Mediterranean, but we reached Suez, and from there I flew in slow stages to Tehran. I went to the Intourist (the Russian travel agency) office and saw the manager about a plane to Moscow. His name was Travkin and the greatest joy in his life seemed to be informing people that they couldn't take his planes.

When he finally had to put you on a plane, his day was ruined. He was typical of the Russian petty bureaucrat. There are thousands of them in that country, and they've been there for many, many years.

We made the trip to Moscow in one day. I grew quite nervous as we neared the city and I began to recognize landmarks. I saw Tamara through a window as the plane rolled to a halt in front of the badly plastered administration building of the military airport. I felt warm all over as I rushed out of the plane.

"Hoaney," she shouted, "you look like a general."

Tamara had never seen me in a war correspondent's uniform before. Appearances are deceiving. In uniform I could be taken for the brother of Marshal Grigori Zhukov. He told me that once.

Tamara fell into my arms and we had a happy reunion.

Four or five days after my arrival, we presented ourselves at the ZAGS (register) office and announced that we wanted to get married.

The official examined our documents, excused himself and went into an adjoining room. Through the closed door we heard him using the telephone. He hung up and returned to us.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you'll have to go over to the District Soviet. This is a special case."

I thanked him and we left.

"What's he so polite about?" I said.

"We special case," laughed Tamara.

Palms And Russians

At the District Soviet, which stands just across the street from Moscow Radio, we were instructed to come back in two days. We came back and we waited. After about forty-five minutes, a smiling woman came up to us, shook hands and asked us to follow her.

She led us into a room that seemed to be filled with potted palms, rubber plants and Russians. The Russians were seated in what looked like two jury boxes. Three men and two women sat at the end of the room where the judge should be.

"Comrade Kolb - Chernashovaya, stand up," said one of the people in the jury box. Tamara stood.

"Gospodin Eddy Gilmore, stand up." I stood.

"Your application to register your marriage is in order and it has been approved," continued the voice from the box. "Hurrah!"

At this point every Russian in the place got to his feet and started applauding. Then they came round us and congratulated us. Someone handed over a piece of paper. It was the marriage certificate. We thanked everyone profusely and left, still a bit dazed from the ceremony.

"That was all because of Stalin," whispered Tamara.

"Why, the old goat!"

"Don't use such language in front of your wife."

We walked to the Metropole Hotel, where I had an office, and found our very first joint invitation to a diplomatic party. It was to dinner at the Swedish Embassy.

"Now that you are married," my hostess told me later in the evening, "you must begin thinking about getting Tamara out of Russia. It won't be easy, I'm afraid."

"Not yet," I told her. "A war is on. I've got to see it out."

And the war was very much on. During the first months of our married life, I made dozens of trips to the Russian front.

Room Of Powerful Men

Our first big party was on the night of Red Army Day. The scene was the old Speridonovka Palace, once the home of a Moscow sugar baron. I never saw so many marshals and generals assembled in one room, the big ballroom of the palace, and it was not difficult to recognize many of them.

Here was Kliment Voroshilov, Semion Budenny with his long black moustaches, Voronov the artillery chief, and many others. A large representation from the Politburo—then the most powerful group of men in the world—was present. I saw Molotov, Kaganovich, Mikoyan and Khrushchev.

We strolled into another room, greeting and talking to Russians every yard. All the great of Moscow were there that evening—the leading ballerinas, the best of the actors and actresses from the Moscow Art Theatre and the Maly Theatre. The cream of the opera. Writers, painters, poets.

Tamara introduced me to the widow of the great writer, Anton Chekov. She was still playing rôles at the Art Theatre, and doing them well.

I laughed and joked with Dmitry Shostakovich. Especially when he told me that the great thrill in life for him was not finishing a new symphony, or having one acclaimed by the public and the critics, "but that first swallow of beer after my favourite football team has won a hard match."

The sensitive, intelligent Shostakovich was an avid football fan and a pleasant man to talk to.

With Tamara I had a long conversation with Serge Prokofiev, who was to die of a broken heart, oddly, the same night that Stalin died.

Writing about the event, I said: "Only in Russia would Peter and the Wolf die on the same night."

The Soviet censor killed that one.

Prokofiev towered above the other Soviet composers. And he alone never seriously recanted when the Central Committee of the Communist Party denounced him for "formalism" in his music.

I danced with Olga Lepeshinskaya

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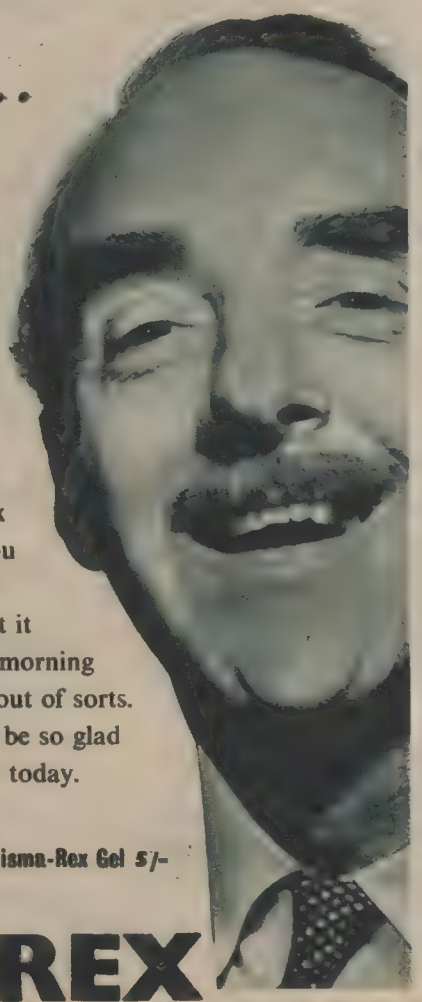

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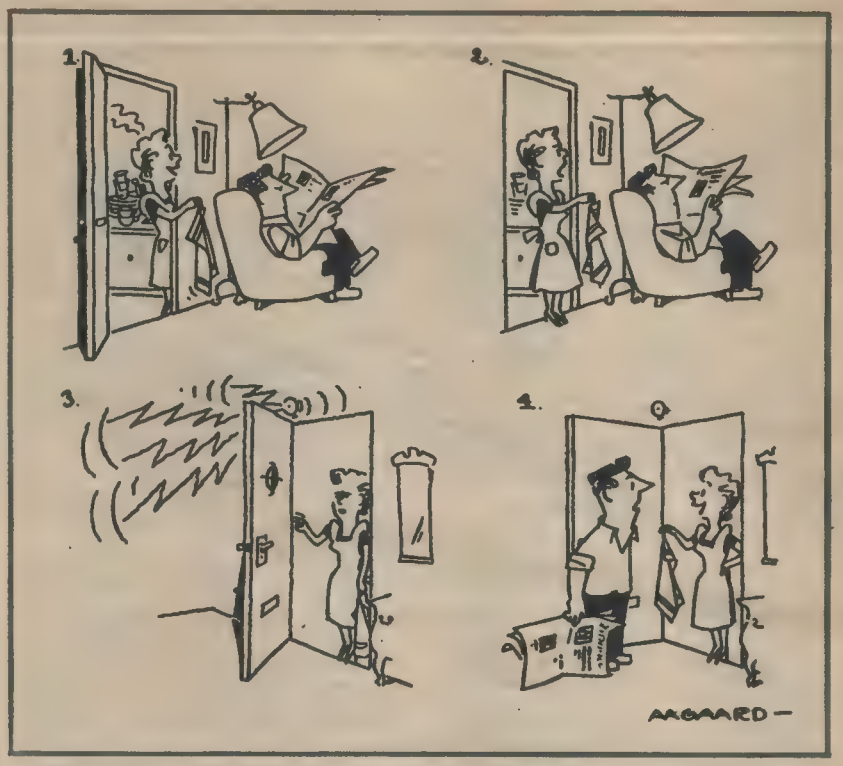

who is one of the country's four best ballerinas and a person who can be thoroughly charming when she wants to be. The band for the evening was some oompah outfit with tubas and such from the army, and not much dancing was possible, even with the talented Olga.

I returned to the large dining-room, found Tamara and was about to go off to talk to someone, when Marshal Voroshilov grabbed me by the arm.

"A toast," he said.

"Of course, Marshal."

"Come, come," he motioned to Tamara, "you are a Russian girl. You must drink, too." We did.

Marshal Budenny arrived on the scene. "You Russian?" he asked my wife.

"Of course."

"You look just like an American girl."

There was a pretty woman in a white evening dress standing beside the marshal.

"American girl?" she asked. "Where did you ever know an American girl?"

"In the movies," laughed the marshal. "Please, allow me to introduce my wife."

Put Arm Round Chief

Lazar Kaganovich, the man who is now heading Russia's heavy industry drive, walked up.

Voroshilov had his arm round my waist and I had one arm round Tamara and the other round Marshal Budenny.

Voroshilov is now the President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and it would be as easy to get your arm round him as to put it round the North Pole.

"A toast to the women of Russia. The very best in the world," said Marshal Budenny.

I drank it to the bottom of the glass.

Alexandrov, the late famed leader of the Red Army chorus, hove into view.

"A song," he said, "we must have a song."

He motioned to the band in the gallery and they played something and we sang. I don't know what it was, but it was certainly sung loudly.

We reached home about five o'clock in the morning, and one of the Kremlin's important figures came along with us. I would mention his name, but he is still going strong in Russia and this would probably do him no good.

I mention his coming home with us to show how times have changed, and to illustrate how these people can be friendly when they want to, and when they are not afraid of the secret police and one another.

This particular individual sat down at my piano and played sad songs of the Volga until past daybreak.

It was shortly after this party that Tamara informed me we were going to have a baby. I was terribly pleased, but at the back of my mind stirred the little thought: another one to try to get out of Russia one day. Oh, well, a lot of time lay ahead of us.

Tamara received her warning, when it finally came, at about three o'clock one morning. Our car had long stopped running. There were no taxis.

I knew of only one man who had a car and a chauffeur on duty at this hour. He was the American ambassador. I telephoned him and got him out of bed.

I shall be for ever thankful to Averell Harriman for personally seeing to it that his chauffeur was dispatched to the Gilmore home almost immediately.

The distance to the hospital was about twelve miles. As we were riding in the ambassador's car, we moved through the quiet streets at great speed. I happened to look through the rear window and noticed that we were being trailed by a secret police car. I smiled.

"Why you laugh?" asked Tamara. "This isn't funny."

"The boys," I said. "They even follow us when we're going to have a baby."

That night, in a cold, bare room with seven or eight other women in labour pains, Tamara gave birth to an eight-pound girl. She was born when the guns round Moscow were throwing salvoes into the air and hundreds of searchlights were fingering the coloured skies.

This was a salute—the free show that the authorities put on whenever the Red Army liberated another city from the Germans.

Chance To Get Away

We named our daughter Victoria Wendell. I looked down at her proudly. "This is a tough world, little one," I said.

"A wish," whispered Tamara.

"I wish," I said, "that we may always stay together over here. It may not be easy. But if we stay together, we've got a chance of getting out some day. This war can't go on for ever."

"That problem worries you," said Tamara.

"It's the not knowing when," I said. "If I knew that we would be here for five more years or even fifteen more and then get out——"

"Yes," she said very softly.

"It's the uncertainty of it all. But come on, let's smile. We're parents now. We have got something else to think about."

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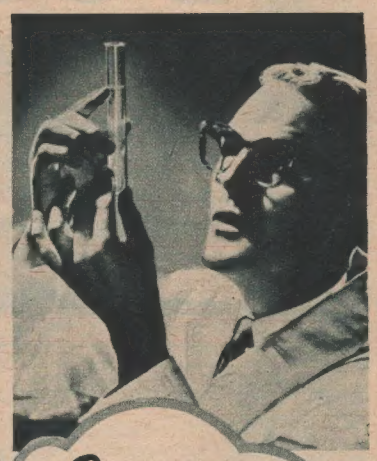

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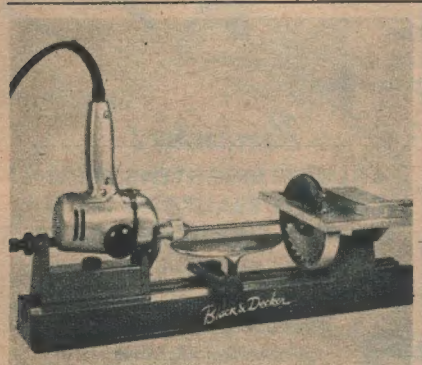

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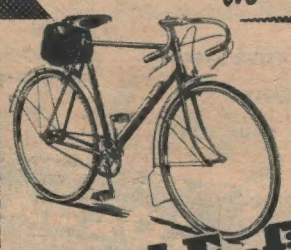

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OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

MIRACLE BOY

Continued from page 21

and a hunk of bread and put them down in front of Maurice.

"Is this all for me?" he asked Father John.

Father John smiled. "Yes, my son, if you can eat it. But what about your Grace before meals? Can you say it?"

Maurice said that he could. He knew only one, so he closed his eyes and clasped his hands very firmly and said it. He opened his eyes again to meet the broad smile of the cook, who came in again with a cup of coffee for Father John. These two sat talking and watching Maurice eat. He was very hungry, but it was a large bowl, and there was barely enough room for the last spoonful. He was nearly bursting.

"Good boy. That should last you until you get home," said the cook, taking the empty bowl.

"Where does he live, by the way?" the cook asked Father John. The priest told him, and the cook thought for a moment. "If Gaston hasn't already gone—his route takes him that way. Just a moment."

He disappeared, and they heard him shouting outside. He came back presently with a smaller man, a dark man with a moustache, wearing a torn leather jacket and a greasy beret.

"This is Gaston. I have told him where you live, and he'll drop you there on his way through."

Maurice thanked him for the soup, and was again patted on the head. He thanked Father John for all he had done, and Father John blessed him and presented him with a rosary with a medallion of Our Lady of Lourdes on it, telling him to pray with it for his intentions.

Maurice put his bottle on the seat of Gaston's vegetable lorry and climbed on after it. It was a very noisy lorry, and the crashing of the gears drowned his last farewells as they started off.

WITH the huge meal he had eaten, the warmth of the cab and the rocking motion of the lorry, Maurice soon felt drowsy. His head nodded, and presently he fell asleep, slumped against the door, the precious bottle still held firmly. Glancing at him, the driver smiled to himself—he had two children, one about this age—and kept the lorry running as smoothly as he could.

Some time later, he touched Maurice's shoulder, and the boy woke up, blinking the sleep out of his eyes.

"Poroix," said Gaston. "That's where you live, isn't it?"

Maurice nodded. Gaston asked him where he wanted to be put down, and Maurice asked to be dropped in the middle of the village—to drive up to the house in a lorry would be to invite all sorts of awkward questions. Gaston stopped in the main street and helped him down. He laughed at Maurice's thanks and ruffled his hair.

Maurice trotted off up the road, round the corner, dodged round a house or two and came to his own home from the back. He ran straight over to the puppy's box, emptied the water out of the bowl, and filled it from the bottle. The puppy whimpered and tried to sit up, and Maurice had to support it while it drank. The little animal seemed stronger now than first thing this morning—was it only the morning?—and he even tried to lick Maurice's hand as he put him back in the box.

A SLIGHT noise behind Maurice startled him, and he looked round. Standing behind him were his mother and father and, of all people, the priest from the village church. For a moment, they stood and looked at each other, then his mother stepped forward and took him in her arms, holding his head against her breast and crying softly.

Maurice couldn't think why she was crying, but he supposed that it was somehow his fault. His father stood behind her, stroking his moustache and occasionally brushing at his eye with the back of his hand. The priest solemnly blessed the whole group—the puppy included, since he was there with them.

The four of them went into the house, but for one, at least, the day was over. Maurice had had precious little sleep the night before, and the day had been long and hard. He was almost asleep on his feet as his mother took him upstairs and helped him to undress; and fell asleep as he sat on the edge of the bed trying to get under the clothes. His mother lifted him in, kissed him, and tucked him up.

Downstairs, over a glass of wine, the parish priest, Father Ribaud, told them the story as Father John had given it to him over the phone. . . . Much later, when he had gone, they went upstairs again to light a votive candle under the print of Our Lady of Lourdes.

While his wife was lighting it, Maurice's father slipped outside to take a look at the puppy. When he came back, the candle was lit and fixed in the blue glass holder below the print.

"The puppy is sleeping quite naturally," he said. "The fever is going. He will be all right." He smiled at Maurice, sleeping in the bed.

"Father Ribaud reckons that he will be President, or Prime Minister, one day. He says he is the type who can assist miracles."

His mother smiled, and nestled her head on her husband's shoulder. "Of that, who can say?" she said. "But one thing I know for certain. Our son will be a man. That is miracle enough for me."

THE END

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated June 11 and in John Bull dated June 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 4, for early news of No. 1,988 result.)

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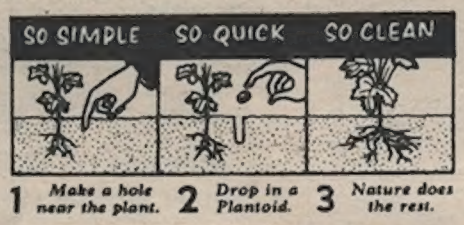

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